

The Daily Mirror

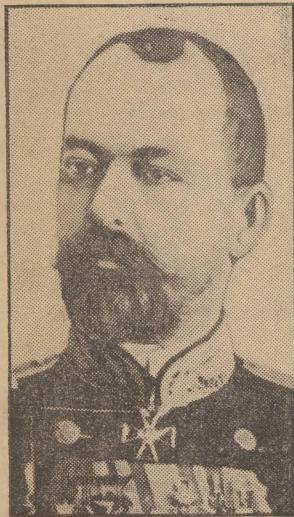
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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

WHITEWASHED ADMIRAL



It is stated the Paris Commission considers Admiral Rojestvensky justified in firing on unarmed fishermen.

NORTH SEA INQUIRY.



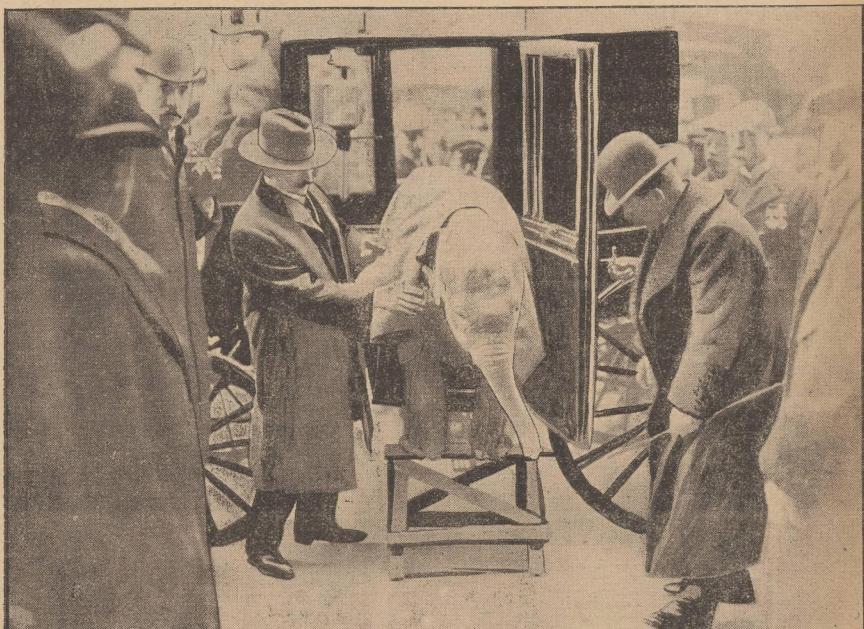
Baron von Spaun, the Austro-Hungarian Admiral, who is the principal author of the official report of the North Sea Commission, which has been held in Paris.

BREACH OF PROMISE—MRS. SHEFFIELD v. MARQUIS TOWNSHEND.



In the High Courts of Justice yesterday the beautiful Mrs. Sheffield sued the Marquis Townshend for breach of promise of marriage. The case has only just begun, but the romantic story of Mrs. Sheffield's first marriage and of her engagement to the Marquis whom she is suing was outlined yesterday, and is reported on another page.

WORLD'S SMALLEST ELEPHANT ARRIVES IN LONDON.



Signor Bartholomew Volpi and "Jumbo, jun." arriving at Hengler's Circus. Though only 33in. high and weighing 15 stone, the elephant has already stopped growing, and is the smallest full-grown one in the world. He travelled from Liverpool to St. Pancras in a first-class railway carriage and drove through London in a four-wheeler. Signor Volpi is seen above by the door of the cab.

Significant Change in Mr. Chamberlain's Attitude.

LORD DUDLEY.

Does Mr. Balfour Hold His Resignation?

ARMY CRITICISM.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Thursday Night.
—After the excitement of the past few days the House has to-day been unusually dull. Even the Nationalists are now beginning to think that the Macdonnell episode has run quite enough, and that it may be good policy, from their point of view, to give it a rest for a time.

There was an echo of it, however, at question time, when Mr. Perry, the fiery member for North Aberdeen, repeated his question to the Prime Minister, as to whether Lord Dudley had tendered his resignation.

Mr. Balfour's reply was very indefinite, and the general impression in the House was that there must have been some reason for his refusal to give a direct answer on the subject.

He took refuge under the plea that it would be contrary to precedent to answer such a question, but if I am not mistaken there are a good many precedents against the Prime Minister in regard to this matter. Notably the statement made by Lord Beaconsfield as to the resignation of Lord Carnarvon, when, although he had it actually in his pocket, he informed the House that his lordship had not resigned.

LORD DUDLEY READY TO RESIGN.

His point, of course, on that occasion was that a resignation does not take effect until it is absolutely accepted, and I am very much inclined to believe that this is the position of affairs so far as Lord Dudley is concerned.

It is true, of course, that Lord Dudley telegraphed a denial on Monday, but much has taken place since then, and Mr. Balfour in his speech on Monday referred to Lord Dudley in terms which his lordship could scarcely think were flattering.

It may, I think, be taken that Lord Dudley has expressed a readiness to tender his resignation, and that the Government will do everything in their power to induce him to remain. It would be exceedingly difficult to get anyone at this stage of the Government's career to undertake such a post as the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, and in any case Mr. Balfour has had just as many changes in his Government as he has any liking for.

I have been talking to-night to one of Mr. Chamberlain's most intimate friends, and one who is entirely in his confidence, and I gather that it is probable that the ex-Colonial Secretary may take an early opportunity of showing that, while he is in sympathy with the Government, he intends in future to take up a much more independent course in the House than he has done of late.

Mr. Chamberlain views with great delight, I hear, the prospect of a full-dress debate on the fiscal question on Wednesday week, which Mr. Winston Churchill will initiate, and intends on that occasion to press Mr. Balfour for a more definite statement of his policy than he has yet given.

NOT A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

I need hardly say that the Government do not at all relish the prospect of another day's discussion on the question.

Apart from all this, Mr. Chamberlain has already publicly declared his opposition to the Bill creating a Ministry of Commerce, and both he and a section of the Liberal Unionists are much amazed at the action of the Government in dismissing some hundreds of men at Sparkbrook.

In both Houses to-day Army questions have again been to the fore. Lord Tweedmouth, in the House of Lords, made a strong criticism of the new short rifle, and received much support from both sides of the House.

In the Commons every conceivable point in connection with Army administration was put forward, particularly the question of recruiting and the difficulty of obtaining officers.

The utter dullness of the debate and the comparative emptiness of the House was in strange contrast to the violent attacks that have been made in the country on Mr. Arnold-Forster and his schemes.

Most of the afternoon there was not a score of members present, and the Front Bench, for the greater part of the time, had only one or two members upon it.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman spoke on Captain Norton's amendment condemning continual War Office changes.

The War Secretary had been in office for a year and half, he said. To begin with he did everything in a hurry; now he was approaching things in a more humble frame of mind. The new scheme had broken down.

Prince Andronnikoff Stabbed and the Caucasus Governor a Prisoner.

GRAND DUKE'S IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL.

Bad news comes from Russia by every cable. Crushed in the war with Japan, the Tsar's empire is at war with itself—an appalling coincidence.

Revolution, murder, and anarchy stalk hand-in-hand everywhere. Warsaw is an Inferno. Prince Andronnikoff is reported to have been stabbed to death.

Trains between Warsaw and Vienna have been forced to stop running. The troops have again fired upon the people in Warsaw.

Batum, on the Black Sea, boils with anarchy, and French steamers from Marseilles have had to suspend their visits.

In the Caucasus district the Tartars, Armenians, and Circassians are making common cause of rebellion against the Government. The Governor is said to be at their mercy as a prisoner in the hands of the insurgents.

In South Russia large companies of Anarchists have encamped outside many towns, caring less about the war with Japan than the war they are waging for liberty against the Tsar and the Grand Dukes.

In St. Petersburg a serious outbreak is predicted for Saturday, March 4, which is the anniversary of the emancipation of the serfs by Tsar Alexander II.

TYRANT PRINCE STABBED.

Reported Assassination of Andronnikoff, the "Butcher" of Warsaw.

Prince Andronnikoff, the "butcher" of Warsaw, has been assassinated. So runs a report in the *"Echo de Paris."*

If this news is true, then retribution has speedily followed the man who ordered the troops of the garrison of Warsaw to fire upon an unarmed mob.

It was by Prince Andronnikoff's command that a crowd of strikers, with their wives and children, were ruthlessly shot down in the streets of Poland's capital.

GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR ILL.

A St. Petersburg telegram to the Berlin *"Lokal-Zeitung"* states that the Grand Duke Vladimir has had an apoplectic stroke.

DAY OF DREAD.

Dark Predictions for March 4, the Anniversary of Freedom to Serfs.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Thursday.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *"Matin"* says the situation is becoming more and more critical in St. Petersburg. The strikes are spreading rapidly, and serious disturbances are expected on March 4, which is the anniversary of the abolition of serfdom.

The labour organisation wants to find out to what extent it can depend on its members. It is said to be prepared to interrupt simultaneously southern grain traffic, military transport for Siberia, and communications with Poland, its plan being to extend the strike south-west and east and to proclaim a general strike over the whole region to-morrow week.

GOVERNOR A PRISONER.

Insurgents Seize Caucasian Forts and Make a Captive of the Ruler.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Thursday.—The *"Petit Journal"* publishes the following from St. Petersburg:—

"It is reported that the Caucasian Provinces are in insurrection. At Batum the insurgents are said to have seized two forts and massacred the garrison.

"The municipal authorities have appointed a provisional Governor, and proclaimed the indepen-

dence of the Armenians. Other towns are reported to have joined the insurrection."

The Governor of the Caucasus is reported to Berlin to be a prisoner in the hands of the populace. The situation is aggravated by the fact that the Cossacks show a marked disinclination to suppress their own people.

MURDER AND PILLAGE.

Anarchy's Terrible Havoc at Batum on the Black Sea.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Thursday.—The Marseilles correspondent of the *"Matin"* sends the following account of anarchy at Batum on the Black Sea:—

The Messageries Maritimes Company has just decided that its Black Sea steamers shall no longer call at Batum, on account of the disturbed state of that port.

From information I was able to gather on board the *Guadiana*, it seems that when she left Batum the most complete anarchy prevailed in the town, which was invaded by Georgians who had come down from Caucasus, and who were committing acts of murder and pillage with impunity.

Every morning numerous dead bodies are discovered. The 200 Cossacks at the Governor's disposal are inadequate to maintain order.

FUNERAL OF DUKE SERGIUS.

Coffin Covered With Wreaths and Crosses of Flowers.

MOSCOW, Thursday.—The funeral of the late Duke Sergius, who was killed by a bomb at Moscow, took place at the Kremlin to-day.

There was no procession out of doors, says a Ruter message, the Kremlin being connected with the Chudov Monastery and with the Church of St. Alexis, while a covered way leads from the church to the official residence of the Metropolitan.

After the body had been blessed with all the solemn rites peculiar to the Russian Church it was conveyed to the adjoining Church of St. Andrew, where it was laid upon a catafalque prepared for it.

The coffin was concealed beneath the immense mass of wreaths and crosses of flowers which were heaped about it. On the breast of the deceased was the small ikon of enamel and gold.

A requiem service was celebrated in the Isaak's Cathedral, St. Petersburg, and at the Russian chapel in Welbeck-street, London.

After the St. Petersburg service the Tsar and Tsaritsa lunched at the Alexandrovskiy Palace with the members of the Imperial Family.

At the memorial service in London King Edward was represented by Lord Kenyon, who was accompanied by the Russian Ambassador.

STRIKERS FIRED ON BY TROOPS.

WARSAW, Thursday, 3.30 p.m.—The workmen have struck at all the factories of Czerniakowska, the chief manufacturing suburb of Warsaw. Serious disturbances have occurred. Strong forces of police and military were summoned, and the soldiers fired, but no casualties are reported.

The police made many arrests, but the menacing attitude of the mob compelled them to release their prisoners.—Reuter.

RAILWAY ENGINES RUINED.

WARSAW, Thursday.—The strike on the Vienna railway continues. No trains are running in either direction. The company tried to make use of soldiers as stokers, but the strikers had plugged the water gauges, with the result that the amateur stokers ruined four engines. The strikers also threw some wagons off the rails.—Reuter.

HOUSES BURIED IN SNOW.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—Baku, says a dispatch to the *"Novoe Vremya,"* is a most unfortunate town.

In the suburbs all communication has been cut off between the houses, the snow reaching to the roofs of the one-story buildings. Windows and doors are shut in, and the inhabitants are running short of necessities.

For want of water they have to melt snow.—Laffan.

Eighteen men were precipitated into the water during a collision between the *Hearty*, a messenger boat plying between the Reserve Squadron at Sheerness and Chatham, and a cutter, at Kethole Reach yesterday. They were quickly rescued,

How the English Admiral Made a "Very Honourable Concession."

PARIS, Thursday.—According to the *"Journal"* the five Admirals, members of the North Sea Commission, will to-day sign their definitive report.

Sir Lewis Beaumont desired that the conclusions should contain a censure of the Commission upon Admiral Rojestvensky for having continued to fire on the trawlers without troubling himself about giving help to the wounded fishermen. This motion of censure, at the request of Admiral Dubassoff, and by a very honourable concession of Sir Lewis Beaumont, has been definitely set aside.

It is possible that the report may record some criticisms on points of detail relating to Admiral Rojestvensky's method of procedure, but it will be entirely favourable to Russia, and will safeguard not only her honour and her amour-propre, but also the reputation of Russian sailors and their chiefs.—Reuter.

Mr. Balfour, in the House of Commons yesterday, said, with regard to the passage of the third Baltic Fleet, he placed implicit reliance on the assurance of the Russian Government that there would be no repetition of such incidents as those of last October, special instructions having been issued to the Russian fleet.

ENGLAND TO PAY £100,000.

Estimated Share in North Sea Commission Bill of Costs.

England's bill of costs for the North Sea Commission will exceed the sum of £100,000. The total bill will reach £250,000.

So stated the head of a leading firm of City solicitors to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"To name but one item, counsels' fees must amount to a very big figure," he said. "The brief of Great Britain's leading counsel would be marked 1,000 guineas, plus a 'refresher' of 200 guineas a day, and the other counsel in proportion."

"Then there is the inevitable expenditure of large sums of secret service money—a very big item. Again, the North Sea has been thoroughly searched for evidences of the presence of torpedo-boats. All the Powers represented at the Commission made a similar investigation, which goes into the bill.

"Russian officials are not as highly paid as our own, and the cost would be less heavy for Russia in any case."

BELIEVES IN SUBMARINES.

Expert Says Leakage of Petrol Caused the A5 Catastrophe.

Dr. Doveton Redwood, adviser to the Home Office on petroleum, stated at yesterday's resumed investigation into the explosion of submarine A5 in Cork Harbour, that the disaster occurred from a leak of liquid petrol at a badly packed gland of the petrol pump. He adds:—

But in design and in erection the petrol installation of this vessel is such as to secure the maximum of safety.

In my opinion the evidence distinctly points to the conclusion that if there had not been a lamentable breach of one of the most important of these regulations, the recent explosion would not, and could not, have occurred.

In my judgment the recent disaster furnishes no ground for apprehension as to the safety of such submarine vessels, and, that, on the contrary, the result of this inquiry should, I consider, tend to give increased confidence to those who are called upon to serve in them.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

In his 120th year Mr. Alexander Furgason has just died near Gilman, Indiana.

Knocked down by a motor-car in an Edinburgh street, Mr. William Henderson, aged seventy-nine, succumbed to his injuries.

Considerable damage has been caused by the explosion of dynamite cartridges at the houses of two engineers at Courceilles.

A Bill just passed has made the manufacture or sale of cigarettes, or even the possession of cigarette papers, illegal in the State of Indiana.

A fine old Elizabethan residence, known as the Manor Farm House, Cliferont, near Rochester, was partly destroyed by fire yesterday.

Never in the history of the Hare Hunt, which held its 106th annual dinner at Haywards Heath, Sussex, last night, has a hare been captured.

Lady Warbrick intends making a motor-car tour of all the Parliamentary constituencies where a Labour candidate is before the electorate.

Mr. Evan Roberts, the Welsh revivalist, is again prostrate after the extraordinary scene at Cwmavon. He has cancelled all his engagements for the next six days.

MARQUIS SUED FOR BREACH OF PROMISE

Wealthy Widow Brings Action Against Lord Townshend.

ROMANTIC STORY.

Lady Said to Have Married at the Age of Fifteen.

There was begun yesterday before Mr. Justice Grantham and a special jury a breach of promise case that in years to come will be regarded as one of the most famous of breach of promise "causes célèbres."

The defendant is no less a person than the Marquis Townshend—John James Dudley Stuart Townshend, sixth Marquis Townshend.

The plaintiff is a beautiful widow, Mrs. Evelyn Liana Turnour Sheffield, now forty years of age, who in her early youth had another romance. She made a clandestine marriage when she was only fifteen years of age.

As Mr. Abel Thomas, K.C., in opening the case, pointed out the Marquis is himself only two years younger than the lady who is now suing him for damages.

He is a Christ Church, Oxford, man, and succeeded to the title in 1899. But it was not until four years after this date that he consented to take his seat in the House of Lords.

Distinguished Ancestor.

One of his ancestors greatly distinguished himself in the siege of Cadiz. A coincidence in the present case is that the lady whom he has refused to marry was born at Cadiz in 1864. The Marquis is a nephew of the Duke of Fife.

He became engaged to Mrs. Sheffield on September 17, 1903, so Mr. Thomas explained to the jury, and decided to break off the engagement on September 28.

Mr. Thomas then gave his own view about the reason which induced the Marquis to take this step. It was because there was a difficulty about marriage settlements, counsel declared.

The Marquis, however, in his defence of the present suit, had given other explanations. Mr. Thomas went on to inform the Court. It had been alleged that Mrs. Sheffield had wrongfully stated her age, giving it as thirty-five.

Suggested Clairvoyant.

The Marquis had also made the excuse that his chosen bride was a clairvoyant, and he had even gone further, by making imputations about her character.

Then Mr. Thomas told a story that might have come out of a novel. Mrs. Sheffield's father, he said, was a commander in the royal Navy. His name was Edward George Turnour. The commander married a Spanish lady, Carmen Diana d'Alva.

Both the commander and his Spanish wife died before their daughter grew up, and the little girl was placed under the guardianship of her godfather, the late Sir John Seabright.

There was also another great friend of her father's who took a great interest in her, a gentleman named Jarden, on whose enormous Irish estates she learned to ride to hounds.

In Love at 15.

When she was fifteen years of age she met a gentleman, thirty-three years her senior, and fell in love with him. He was a Mr. Sheffield, a famous as a hunter of big game.

There was a secret marriage between the two in 1879.

Mr. Sheffield took his youthful bride on his sporting expeditions. They went together to the Rocky Mountains in search of big game, and fished the rivers of Canada for "big fish," as Mr. Thomas put it.

Leaving her husband to his big game and big fish, Mr. Thomas continued, Mrs. Sheffield took occasional trips home, and stayed with her influential friend in England.

Here she had relations of important social position. Her husband's sister was Dowager Countess of Ulchester, and her husband's brother was in the Army.

Welcome in Norfolk.

Mr. Jarden had an estate in Norfolk, and at his place, Redham Hall, Mrs. Sheffield was always welcome.

But she was destined to lose both her husband and her father's friends one after the other. Mr. Sheffield died on his estate in Florida in 1888. In 1890 her godfather, Sir John Seabright, died. And in 1899 Mr. Jarden also died.

Her husband left her considerable property, but not as much as he would have been able to do if there had not been family arrangements. If she had had a family she would have been a very wealthy woman. Mr. Jarden left her £7,000.

Yet she was comfortably off, and went to live in

the Red House at Nettington in Sutton. There she kept a carriage, and could indulge in her taste for fishing. She also entertained the people well known in society, at the Red House.

Being a woman of enterprise and activity, Mr. Thomas proceeded, she entered into partnership with a Mr. Tallman to run a business, that had to do with baths, in Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square. She was associated with this business from 1892 to 1898.

Laterly she had the misfortune to make the acquaintance of a certain "captain," who, counsel said, was a pseudo-captain.

This individual was a friend of an American family, whose guest Mrs. Sheffield was at St. Moritz. The "captain" was at St. Moritz, too, and, to the chagrin of his acquaintances, arrested for stealing luggage. It was only through being a fellow-guest that Mrs. Sheffield knew anything about him.

The case was adjourned.

EXTRAVAGANT DUKE.

Action Against His Grace of Manchester Over a £10,000 Loan.

The Duke of Manchester was sued in the Dublin Courts yesterday for £750 commission on a loan of £10,000, which Mr. J. Carroll, land agent of Dublin, had undertaken to procure for him.

Counsel for Mr. Carroll stated that he succeeded in getting the late Sir H. Cochran and Mr. J. N. Mooney to agree to advance the sum at 6 per cent. interest, on security of a bonus the Duke expected on the sale of his large estate in the north of Ireland.

The Duke, he said, had gone to England without executing the agreement, and had fallen in the hands of financiers there.

Counsel remarked that every newspaper reader knew that the Duke was very extravagant, and that he was in financial difficulties, and a person in his position would find it very difficult to get such a large loan, notwithstanding that he had married the daughter of an American millionaire.

The Duke's defence is that the agreement was not carried out.

LAW SUSPICIOUS.

Day of "Tea Pensions" and Inflated Prices Nearly Over.

The law is looking askance at all tea companies offering pensions and life assurance to customers.

At least three of them will presently be wound up compulsorily—chief among them the notorious Nelson Company.

"What brings the eyes of the law upon these companies?" said a legal authority yesterday, "is that there is no means of regulating prices and profits.

"A woman pays 6d. a pound on the price of her tea—say 2s. 4d. Suddenly the price is raised to 2s. 6d. or 2s. 8d. She must either go on buying it or forfeit all she has paid."

"Several similar companies were nipped in the bud by the Nelson collapse."

Messrs. W. H. and F. J. Horniman have contributed 100 guineas to the fund for Nelson widows.

JEWEL THIEVES AT WORK.

Lady Holland Loses Her Diamond Necklace After a Ball.

Lady Holland, of Poole Hall, Nantwich, Cheshire, has been robbed of the valuable jewels she wore at the ball given on Tuesday night by the Mayor of Rotherham. A gang of expert thieves is suspected.

Lady Holland wore at the ball a magnificent tiara of diamonds tipped with pearl-shaped pearls of great value, a splendid diamond necklace, and a pair of earrings of fanciful design formed of clustered diamonds.

The eldest daughter of the late James Lund, D.L., of Leeds, in 1874 she married Sir William Henry Holland (then plain Mr.), the well-known Manchester cotton and worsted spinner.

PIT-BROW GIRLS.

Certain colliery firms in the Manchester and Bolton districts are about to engage a number of women to work on their pit-brows in place of men. Their wages will be lower than the men's.

A thousand pit-brow lasses are already engaged in the Atherton, Tyldesley, Leigh, and Wigan districts.

ROBBING THE DEAD.

"It is practically robbing the dead—one of the most atrocious and repulsive acts of sacrilege," remarked the Nottingham magistrate yesterday in fining a woman £1 for stealing ribbon and floral tokens off wreaths placed on graves in the cemetery.

Only one out of seventy West End beggars arrested during the past month was found to be a case of genuine poverty. The others were idle loafers.

BOOM CONTINUES.

Cheerful Report of Reviving Trade Throughout the Country.

ACTIVITY ALL ROUND.

Reports gathered by the *Daily Mirror* from a parts of the country show that there is a well-defined revival in trade, practically all industries sharing in the improvement.

London jewellers and dealers in fancy goods and costly articles of luxury say trade is brisk. They are the first to feel good or bad times, and their favourable reports are supported by the big City textile warehouses, which are unusually busy.

The last trades union returns show that the number of unemployed was reduced by 4,610 in January, and inquiries yesterday indicate that the present month will show an even larger reduction.

The return of skilled men to work means increased employment for the unskilled.

BUSY SHEFFIELD AND GLASGOW.

In Sheffield the cutlery and allied trades are working full time. Glasgow reports a general waking up—a local firm has secured a big order for steel palisading for Egypt, against strong foreign competition.

In Glasgow, too, the North British Locomotive Company is busy with an order for fifty large engines for Japan.

Birmingham bridge-builders, iron-founders, and gunmakers are active, but the other industries of the city are only just beginning to revive.

The coal trade is brisk, although the long spell of mild weather kept the demand for domestic coal down. But in Sheffield the price of certain qualities equals those ruling during the great coal boom.

In shipping circles there is more hopefulness, in spite of competition growing keener every day. Tonnage reports for the week from most ports show increases—Swansea, 31,000 tons.

SHIPBUILDERS HAVE PLENTY TO DO.

In shipbuilding the trade is very busy, with seventy-five ships in the slips.

Cotton piece goods and yarns show activity, and the woollen and linen trades are steadily improving.

Last week there was a net increase of £10,800 in railway traffic returns, and in the previous week one of £35,604.

In the first seven weeks of the year there were 1,489 bankruptcy cases, fewer by seventy-five than in the same period last year.

On the Stock Exchange yesterday there was a slight pause in the general advance in prices owing to less encouraging reports as to the prospects of peace.

PRIDE OF PEDIGREE.

Questions of Ancestry Receive Prominence in a Libel Suit.

Questions of pedigree entered largely into a libel and slander action brought in the King's Bench Division yesterday by Mrs. Ada Constance Stanhope, a grand-daughter of Sir John West, against Mr. Maples, member of a well-known firm of solicitors.

Mrs. Stanhope's marriage was an unhappy one, and, left more than once in financial straits, she applied to her husband's relatives, among them Mr. Maples, for assistance.

It happened, according to Mr. Kemp, K.C., that on one occasion a Mr. Lardner saw Mr. Maples on Mrs. Stanhope's behalf. Mr. Maples, it was alleged, made uncomplimentary references to Mrs. Stanhope, saying, "I do not believe she is one of the West family, as she holds out."

"She can trace her family back to Henry I," said Mr. Lardner. "I can trace my family back to Charlemagne," Mr. Maples retorted.

After hearing Mrs. Stanhope's cross-examination the jury stopped the case.

COUNTESS'S DIVORCE SUIT.

Lord Ardwell, at Edinburgh, yesterday heard counsel on the relevancy of the action brought by the Countess of Stair against her husband for divorce.

The Countess alleges malicious desertion against her husband, but the Earl of Stair finds his difference of clause on the ground that a deed of separation had been agreed upon.

Judgment was reserved.

HARMLESS "INFERNAL MACHINE."

Mysterious "ticks" being heard from within a box, left at the Glasgow Post Office, were suspected of being caused by an infernal machine, which was taken to the police station.

There an expert from Nobel's factory carefully opened it and found that it was simply an electric clock.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S ILLNESS.

Doctors Say He Must Not Act for Two Months.

The whole English-speaking world will regret to learn that Sir Henry Irving has been compelled to abandon his provincial tour owing to illness.

The following telegram reached us yesterday afternoon from Mr. Bram Stoker, Sir Henry's business manager:

Wolverhampton, February 23.

It is imperatively necessary that Sir Henry Irving shall not act for at least two months from this date.

ARTHUR FOXWELL, M.D.
W. ALAN ELLWOOD-DAVIES,
F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S.

Later Mr. Stoker wired that Sir Henry was going on well.

Sir Henry was taken ill at Wolverhampton on Tuesday, but was able to play the same night. Yesterday, however, came a relapse.

In the afternoon his physicians held a consultation, when the above bulletin was issued.

The illness is said to be due to a chill contracted whilst making the journey from Bath to Wolverhampton.

The tour which Sir Henry has had to abandon began at Portsmouth on January 23, and was to have ended at Wigan on April 6. Hanley, Sheffield, Bradford, Hull, Harrogate, Bury, Rochdale, Preston, and Southport were all to have been visited.

Sir Henry celebrated on the 6th inst. the sixtieth seventh anniversary of his birthday.

ILLUSTRATED JOURNALS.

Complaints of Dwindling Dividends and Unparalleled Depression.

Never, said Sir William Ingram, Bart., the chairman at yesterday's meeting of the "Illustrated London News" and "Sketch" Company, since his long connection with these papers, had he known them to pass through such a period of depression as that experienced in the year under review.

But the current year was going to be a better one than the last.

It had been his duty to get behind the scenes by holding shares—and in other ways—in rival companies. The company owning the "Graphic," the "Daily Graphic," and the "Bystander," had paid for the past half year a dividend of only 5s. per share, instead of 17s. 6d.

"Black and White" had issued their balance-sheet, and he could tell the shareholders that it was not a very satisfactory one. He had seen the balance-sheet of the company owning the "Sphere" and "Tatler," and their profit, he believed, was £450 on a capital of £150,000, and this after five years' existence.

Another adverse feature had been the movement by which the daily papers, even the halpinny journals opened their columns to display advertisements, the illustrated papers a few years ago having had the monopoly of this class of advertisement business.

A shareholder remarked that newspaper proprietors in these days had to spend more and obtain less for the expenditure.

COLD SNAP AND GALE.

London Temperature Warmer Than Nice or Monte Carlo.

Though London was shivering with cold yesterday metropolitan dwellers may gain some consolation from the fact that the temperature was 1deg. warmer than Nice, where the thermometer reached freezing point, and 2deg. warmer than Paris.

Snow was reported from Rochefort.

The severe north-easterly gale still prevails in the English Channel, and steamers report rough passages.

Many ships are weatherbound at Sheerness, and H.M. sleep Rinaldo had to be towed from the Nore into the Medway for shelter.

THEATRICAL "AUNT SALLY."

At the annual meeting of the Actors' Association yesterday, Mr. Bourchier said he hoped the association would open a common sense bureau for the correction of all busybodies, ignoramus, pessimists, and disappointed authors, who employed their spare time in throwing mud at the drama. It seemed as if the stage was going to share with the War Office the privilege of being a colossal Aunt Sally.

LADY TO SUE CRICKETER.

Mr. Thomas Walter Hayward, the well-known cricketer, will be the defendant in a breach of promise case to be heard shortly in the Law Courts.

The lady, Miss Margaret McDiarmid, is an Australian, and she claims heavy damages.

MINISTER AND LADY.

She Liked His Sermons, but Denies the Allegations.

LIBRARY TASTES.

Mrs. Jeffs, the Mexborough lady who is alleged to have confessed that she "could not resist" a Primitive Methodist minister, finished her story in the Divorce Court yesterday.

"Did you admire the Rev. Jesse Wilson?" she was asked. "Not more than any other creature," was the reply.

You admired his preaching?—Yes, I did.

Mrs. Jeffs denied having been in Mr. Wilson's study for an hour, and said she was positive Mrs. Wilson never told her not to come to the house again.

Why did you leave your home if you were innocent? Because my husband said that if I did not go he would kick me out.

Did your husband appear to believe you were guilty?—Yes. I never confessed to him.

Mrs. Jeffs admitted that she had quarrels with her husband, but denied that she once struck him with her hand covered with flour.

"Your husband is an upright man?"

"I think so."

"And truthful?"

"I cannot say," she said guardedly.

Borrowed Biography.

The Rev. Jesse Wilson, the co-respondent, then went into the witness-box.

"I acquired a friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Jeffs as members of my congregation," he commenced. Proceeding to describe a visit paid him by Mrs. Jeffs, he said, "She told me her husband had sent her to see me. She came about some chapel business. Then she asked me to lend her Morley's 'Life of Gladstone.'

"There is no truth at all in the statement that anything improper took place on that occasion."

"After tea I went out to canvass for an election."

On another occasion when Mr. Wilson called at the house of the Jeffs there were a few words about a hymn-book.

"You see," said Mr. Wilson, "we Methodist ministers sell hymn-books. It is a sort of perquisite. I was not more than fifteen minutes in the house."

Mr. Wilson denied that Mrs. Jeffs had ever helped him with his coat, and it was nonsense to say suggestive looks had passed between them.

The minister was then asked about the "trap" that it is alleged Mr. Jeffs set for him.

"What do you call a trap?" inquired Mr. Priestley.

Mr. Wilson: I invited him to eight meals, and seven days afterwards he told me that when he wanted to catch a man he set a trap for him.

The hearing was adjourned.

ALLEGED GARDEN MINT.

Sons of an Army Officer Arrested on Charge of Coining.

A sensation has been caused at Bristol by the arrest of two young gentlemen named Smith, the sons of a retired Army surgeon, on a charge of having in their possession moulds containing impressions of the King's coin, a half-sovereign and half-crown, and with having counterfeit money in their possession. A third person is involved, Herbert Edward Kerslake, who is charged with uttering coins. At present no evidence has been given. It is stated that the moulds and instruments for making coins were discovered in an out-house at the bottom of the garden at the Smiths' residence. One mould, which was warm, contained a newly-made half-crown.

GIRL'S WILD FLIGHT.

Ten Miles Across the Hills Clad Only in Blankets.

A seventeen-year-old girl—Amelia Priestley—has just made a remarkable flight from the Bakewell Workhouse.

Terrified by the screams of her fellow inmate in the ward where she slept, she decided to escape in the early hours of the morning.

She was attired in only a thin garment, but wrapping herself in two blankets from her bed she let herself down from the window and climbed two walls, one of which was 5ft. high, and topped by barbed wire.

The night was bitterly cold. Snow covered the ground.

The girl persevered, and, making some slippers out of one of the blankets, journeyed ten miles over the boulder-strewn moors until she reached her home at Hethersage, terribly exhausted.

To the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, the girl said that her sole companion in the ward was a woman, who had been screaming for hours.

"I could stand it no longer," she said, "for no one came to her from seven o'clock at night until I left at two o'clock in the morning."

Amelia Priestley has informed her father that she would drown herself rather than go back to the workhouse, but yesterday she was taken back to the institution.

The affair will be investigated by the guardians on Monday.

HEARD AT THE TELEPHONE.

Assailant Rings Up His Victim's House with the News.

A curious story is related by the prosecution in the adjourned case at Cardiff in which Charles Francis Thomas is charged with stabbing Morgan Crowther, a commission agent and ex-pugilist.

Thomas, says Crowther, met him one morning and asked him what right he had to visit Thomas's house when the latter was away.

"I didn't know you were away, and I was only there a few minutes," replied Crowther.

Then, Crowther alleges, Thomas stabbed him.

Another witness said that immediately afterwards Thomas rang up on the telephone to Crowther's house, saying:

"I'm Charlie Thomas. I've done for your husband what I could, and I would do it again."

JUDGE'S EXPERIENCE.

Graphically Describes His Visit to a Common Lodging-house.

Judge Bacon yesterday delivered a scathing condemnation of a common lodging-house in Bricklane, Whitechapel, which he had to visit for the purposes of a certain case before him.

"How such premises can be tolerated in a civilised country," his Honour remarked, "I cannot understand."

"I was taken up one staircase twisting here, and another there, and I witnessed a scene of squalor which made me disgusted and sad."

"I thought there were sanitary inspectors who looked, or should look, after these things, and saw that houses were fit for human beings to live in."

AMERICAN FRANK."

Cleverest Jewel Burglar in London Caught and Punished at Last.

Described as the cleverest jewel burglar in London, George Baldwin was at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday sentenced to fifteen months' hard labour.

Since 1895, it was said, he had been known to the thieving fraternity as "American Frank."

Several accurate robberies were attributed to him. He had been arrested, only to escape justice on each occasion.

"MR. ASQUITH, PRIME MINISTER."

The first article in the March "Fortnightly Review" discusses the next Liberal Ministry.

The writer, who is evidently in the secrets of the advanced wing of the Party, predicts that Mr. Asquith will be Prime Minister, and says that leading places in the Cabinet must be found for Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Lloyd-George, and Mr. John Burns, who ought to be either Home Secretary or President of the Local Government Board.

Dr. Macnamara is also singled out as a possible Minister, but the writer doubts whether Mr. Winston Churchill could settle down to official life.

MONTE CARLO HOTEL BILL.

Miss May Joyce, whose luggage was detained at the Grand Hotel, Monte Carlo, was yesterday awarded £310 damages, which included the £25 she had paid to the hotel people and expenses.

A stay of execution was refused.

THE MONKEY'S BITE.

A Lady's Painful Adventure at Hengler's Circus.

ACTION FOR DAMAGES.

The tragic story of a monkey's bite and the disastrous results that it produced on the fair index finger of an elderly lady was told in Mr. Justice Jelf's court yesterday.

Mrs. Mary Sophie Furman, who is suing for damages for personal injury, in the spring of last year left her home at Four Oaks, in Warwickshire, to pay a visit to relatives in Kensington. Among the relations were two little grandchildren, and these she took to Hengler's Circus for a treat.

After the performance she went with the little ones behind the scenes "to inspect the animals," according to an invitation which, she alleges, was extended to the public.

Behind the scenes the first animal that she saw was a Shetland pony, and it was while she was stroking the pony's mane that the disaster occurred.

"The Monkey's Paw."

For, on the back of the pony was a monkey, dressed as a Highlander, and Mrs. Furman, according to her story, was first made aware of the presence of the monkey by feeling a hairy paw grasp her hand.

In a flash, she told the Court, the monkey pulled her hand into its mouth and "ground her finger round and round with his teeth."

So severe was the wound inflicted that she had to be attended by a doctor twice a day. The pain was dreadful, such as she had never experienced before.

The circus authorities deny that Mrs. Furman had any right to be behind the scenes, and after evidence from this point of view had been given the case was adjourned.

WOMAN MAGPIE.

Vast Quantities of Dress Found in a Female Prisoner's House.

Extraordinary allegations were made at Cardiff Police Court against a smartly-dressed woman, who appeared in the dock in a hysterical condition and full of distress.

It was stated that the accused—Mrs. Esther Anne Whitney—took lodgings at various houses in the locality and ordered dresses, boots, etc., from a number of tradesmen, changing her residence after she had secured the goods.

When she was arrested at Barry last week a large quantity of clothing and jewellery, most of which had not been worn, was found in her possession. The case stands adjourned.

POLICE TYRANNY.

Constable Found Dead After Reproof for a Petty Fault.

It is stated that there is a feeling of semi-mutiny amongst the Brixton police because of the actions of a certain superior officer.

Some light may be shed on this at to-day's inquiry on Constable Creagh, who was found dead on the railway near Tooting Junction.

Creagh was a popular man, but was recently reduced in pay and moved to another station for a breach of regulations.

This breach was warming his bottle of tea over the station fire.

The degradation preyed on Creagh's mind, and he was last seen alive on Monday, when he left home ostensibly to attend an ambulance class.

Scoulard Yard have sent a special man down to investigate the affair.

"CORNER" IN JUSTICE.

"I'll go to Middlesex Sessions," said a man committed for trial for theft, to Mr. Plowden at Marylebone Police Court yesterday.

"Why do you prefer the Middlesex Sessions?" asked the magistrate.

"Because you get justice there. There's no justice anywhere else," was the reply.

"Have you anything to say?" queried Mr. Plowden.

Prisoner (loftily): I shall reserve my defence for Mr. Little.

DRIVEN TO THIS.

"May God bless you. I am driven to this. You know, Reggie, how I have tried to overcome this, but it is too much for me."

In these words George Duncan, the Poplar night-watchman, who shot his wife and himself last week in the early morning on his return from duty, took farewell of his eleven-year-old boy.

Suicide while insane and Wilful Murder were the verdicts at yesterday's inquest.

WARNED BY A DREAM.

Warning of Death in Four Years' Time Exactly Fulfilled.

Four years ago last Sunday Mr. Henry Gay, of Abertillery (Mon.), had a dream which convinced him that he had but four years to live.

It was on February 19, 1901, that he dreamt he stood in a rich and beautiful cornfield ready for the harvest.

The owner of the field gathered four full ripe ears of the corn, and presented them to the deceased with the words, "These are for thee."

The dreamer was so impressed with the vision that he pondered deeply over it, and came to the conclusion that the four ears of corn represented four years for him to live. He clung immovably to this belief, and the event proved he was right.

A clergyman he consulted told him the vision signified that he was to bring four souls to conversion, but this was falsified by Mr. Gay bringing in more than that number of converts.

A short time ago he had a severe attack of bronchitis, but had a good recovery, and no one thought he would die. But last Sunday, exactly four years after the dream, he passed away suddenly.

THE LAW OF MOSES.

Impromptu Marriage Ceremony Methods Among Alien Jews.

A little, bonnetless woman appeared at Worship-street Police Court yesterday to accuse her husband, Max Storodab, of stealing £5.

She only arrived in this country about three months ago.

Storodab is a widower; she is a divorced woman. They were brought together by a matrimonial agent, and on her stating she had £5 they were "married" at Storodab's lodgings.

"He put his ring on my finger," she stated, "and said, 'According to the law of Moses, you become my wife.'" No rabbi was present.

Next day the landlord turned her out.

Storodab (to the magistrate): Me want to marry her, but I not had her money.

Mr. Corser: They had better go and get married properly.

The man was discharged and left the court with the woman.

POET AND DRAPER.

£300 Awarded as the Penalty for Love Grown Cold.

The tale of a Skibbereen (West Cork) wooing was told in the Master's Court at Dublin yesterday, Matthew Flanagan being sued by Miss Lizzie O'Driscoll for breach of promise. Flanagan is local manager of a large drapery establishment, and according to counsel he was also a poet in a small way. He first wrote about "Lizzie's loveliness on the hills of Gortmoughy." He sent her a book of poems, and said he was actuated by a sincere desire to "allay her loneliness." In another letter he thanked the lady with all the fulness of a grateful heart for the "dear little curl" sent him in response to his repeated request. He added: "The grey hairs so proverbially venerable increase my appreciation for it a thousand times."

Flanagan, however, subsequently cooled in his affection, and broke off the match.

The jury awarded £300.

MARRIED WITH A BRASS RING.

Because she had "been married with a brass ring" the wife of John Stabb, of H.M.S. Donegal, told a solicitor that she did not think she had been properly married.

While Stabb was in Alexandria his wife became friendly with a man who had been her husband's messmate. Stabb was yesterday granted a decree nisi.

Keep the Blood Pure

And the Health of the System will follow.

THE BLOOD being the source from which our systems are built up, it is important that it should be kept pure. You can do this by taking Skin or Blood Disease such as ECZEMA, SCROFULA, SCURVY, BAD LEGS, BLOOD POISON, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, BOILS, PIMPLES, etc., you should test the value of

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

The World-Famed Blood Purifier.

Of all Chemists. Beware of Imitations.

FORTUNES LEFT TO SERVANTS.

Posthumous Rewards for Long and
Faithful Service.

£37,000 THIS YEAR.

In these days when good servants are said to be becoming scarcer, and domestic service as a calling is becoming more and more unpopular, it is pleasant to look on the other side of the picture.

The late Mr. James Atkin, of Malvern, showed his appreciation of long and faithful service by substantial bequests to coachman, gardener, cook, valet, and housemaids. The first of these receives £100, and the rest £50 each.

Since January 1 over £37,000 has come to the domestic employees of wealthy men in England by will.

The most sensational bequest of the kind was that of £10,000 each to the two servants of the late Rev. William E. Rooper, a Roman Catholic priest of the Isle of Wight, who left estate valued at £48,725.

The late Mr. J. F. Barnard, of North Devon, left £27,078, of which £6,000 was bequeathed to his housekeeper and her son.

By the will of Mr. John Abell, of Haddenham, Bucks, £1,800 was bequeathed to his cook, £1,000 to his coachman, and £1,100 among the rest of his servants.

Mr. James Holmes Lucking, of Streatham Hill, out of a fortune of £265,332, left £500 to his gardener, £200 to his valet, and £100 each to his cook and housemaid.

The Hon. Mrs. Charlotte Meynell Ingraham, of Staffordshire, who left £105,096, bequeathed annuities of £60 and £30 to her head gardener and coachman, in addition to legacies amounting to £21,000 to her household staff.

The cook of the late Mr. R. E. Mitcheson, of Hempstead, who left £50,000, benefited to the extent of £200 by her master's will.

LOVE-LORN LOON.

Perched in Trees and Tried To Turn His
Jackdaw White.

He loved a housemaid, but she loved him not.

Richard Henry Brewer, even at that time, nearly twenty years ago, was somewhat eccentric, and Carlisle used to marvel at his long tresses and his habit of making vigorous leaps into the air as he walked.

A shoemaker by trade, he kept monkeys, dogs, canaries, and pigeons at his lodgings, and used to entertain his friends by experiments on a jackdaw which he hoped to turn white by feeding it with yellow ochre. Himself he dosed freely with whitening and sugar.

Laterly he has taken to eating raw fish, perchings in trees, and sleeping in sandholes. He has always had aversion to paying rent, and used to lie in wait for his landlord with a catapult.

Having been more than once imprisoned for sleeping out, he is now under remand at Carlisle for inquiries to be made into his mental condition.

MADMAN HUNT.

Exciting Cross-country Midnight Chase After
a Nude Lunatic.

A Middlesbrough police-sergeant related an extraordinary story at an inquest held on an Irish labourer named Wilson, who, after having left the Church Army home in that town, was found dead from exposure near Linthorpe.

The officer, on duty near the park, about half-past two in the morning heard cries of "Help, save me," in the direction of the lake.

He saw Wilson in a nude state sitting by the water. Directly the man saw him he plunged into the lake, swam to the other side, and fled across the meadows.

The sergeant gave chase, but lost his quarry, and the man's dead body was found three hours later.

CONSTABLE STOPS A MAGISTRATE.

Sir Albert de Rutzen, at Bow-street yesterday, related an amusing experience he had with the police.

He was dealing with two Scotchmen who were charged with breaking the police cordon at the Long Acre fire, and who pleaded the street was a right-of-way.

Sir Albert said he himself was stopped by a constable in Long Acre, but he felt that the man was doing his duty, and he quietly went round another way.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Eight inmates of the Saltecoates (Hull) Workhouse cost the union £3 18s. 9d. for spirits in seven weeks.

Imbecile and epileptic, a pauper left the Workshop Workhouse to get married. He has now been given notice to return.

Four years ago a Risca (Mon.) lady lost her purse containing £1s. The purse and the money have now been returned to her by a "revival convert."

Women receiving out-relief from Barton (Lincolnshire) Guardians have refused to give assistance in the workhouse for 10s. a week. They want more money.

Strolling along in her nightdress, a somnambulist was just prevented from stepping into a reservoir at Cowpe, Waterfoot, Lancashire, in the early hours of the morning.

What a Hull defendant described as singing a police constable characterised as brawling. After the magistrates had heard him trill a snatch of a song, they fined him for drunkenness.

"Bill," a pony who plays cards like a hardened sharper, tells the time and the value of coins, and otherwise displays remarkable mental cultivation, makes his first appearance at the Lyceum on Monday.

Newspaper cuttings relating to the circular prohibiting assistant teachers at Leeds from administering corporal punishment are being flaunted in their faces by unruly boys. This is more than any self-respecting teacher can stand.

"I really feel," says Miss Margaret Halstan, the charming young actress, "all the joys and sorrows and agonies that Juliet goes through, and so I hope my audience does, as part of her fresh, young life is unfolded before them."

Money prizes are being offered in hunting centres for the best-kept fences on farms and estates, but no barbed wire must be used."

Scaling over 25lb., the largest pike caught in the Midlands for a long time has been landed near Leicester by Mr. Bolland, of Humberstone.

Rhododendrons in full bloom even at this period of the year may be seen at a gentleman's residence at Llanelli. The whole forms a matchless wealth of colour.

An apparatus for laying field telegraph and telephone wires at a rapid rate from horseback has been invented by Captain Edward Molineux, D.S.O., of the Indian Army.

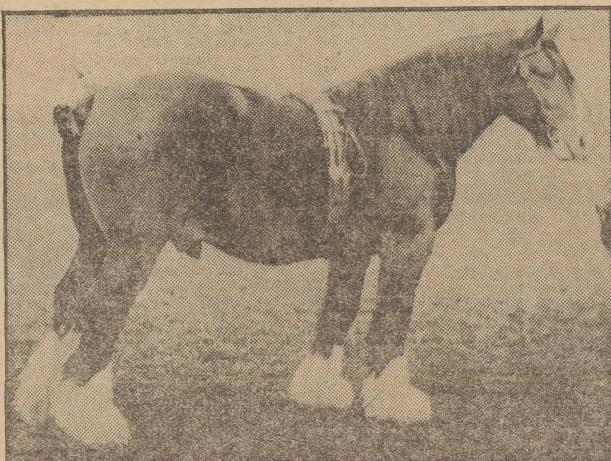
"Will you warn your numerous readers," writes the yard inspector of the London Road Car Company, Ltd., to the *Daily Mirror*, "against the base half-crowns now in circulation? I enclose a specimen."

King Edward has commanded £2 to be sent to Mrs. Swann, the wife of a Bulwell (Nottingham) joiner, as a special gift. Mrs. Swann recently gave birth to triplets, two girls and a boy, but one of the girls died when two days old.

Not more than 700 animals will be allowed at one time in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, says the L.C.C. By this fact the chairman of the Shire Horse Society yesterday explained the diminution in the number of entries at the annual show.

The achievement recorded in yesterday's *Daily Mirror* of a Bury boy who was only once absent from school in seven years has been eclipsed by a Wednesday lad. For eight years he never missed a single possible attendance. He has been given a silver medal.

CHAMPION SHIRE STALLION.



Girton Charmer, Lord Rothschild's shire stallion, which has gained the championship at the Shire Horse Show held at the Agricultural Hall.

A penny-in-the-slot steam tobacco pipe-cleaning machine has been invented by a Leicester gentleman.

"Any reduction upon an order for five million tickets?" asks the Exeter Tramways Committee of a firm of printers.

Up to yesterday ninety-three deaths from measles had been registered this year in Nottingham. It is stated that there are upwards of 500 cases of measles in the city.

One of the chief proprietors of the Premier Diamond Mine, where the big diamond was recently found, Mr. H. J. King, has taken East-West Park, Kent, from Lord Gerard.

The man who climbed over the wall of Scarborough Workhouse did not, as was reported, steal spirits intended for medicinal purposes. The whisky he had was some he purchased himself.

Dock bonds, Consols, and other securities of the total value of £250 left by Margaret Mahony, the Birkenhead pauper miser, will be inherited by a cousin who has been found in one of the outskirts of Cork.

The unusual spectacle of a Conservative agent addressing a crowded meeting of Liberals in their own club was witnessed in Pontypridd. It must be added, however, that the subject of the lecture was an uncontroversial one—"Athens."

In a few years' time when the leases fall in, the South London property of the Prince of Wales will bring him in nearer £150,000 per annum than the present £100,000. His Royal Highness practically owns the riverside from Waterloo to Blackfriars Bridges.

Pitlochry's oldest inhabitant has just passed away in the person of Miss Peggie, aged ninety-seven.

Mr. R. D. Holt, shipowner, was yesterday adopted as Liberal candidate for the West Derby Division of Liverpool.

Lord Haddo was fined five shillings and costs at Marlborough-street yesterday for riding a bicycle to the common danger of the public.

Burglars who broke into a restaurant at Tunbridge Wells lingered to enjoy cakes, tarts, and port wine before they decamped with the gold they found in a desk.

With a subscription of only sixpence per annum, a working men's club which is being organised at Halifax will, it is confidently expected, have a membership of over ten thousand.

"Presented by Queen Anne" is the inscription borne by an historic clock of the grandfather pattern which has just been placed in the Earl of Selborne's private room at the Admiralty.

Fifty-five miners were proceeded against at Castleford for leaving their work without notice. For the defence it was said that it was customary for miners to have a day a week "play."

Whisky given to cabdrivers and workpeople at Preston smallpox hospital cost £21. "Drinking whisky and brandy would not render them immune from smallpox," said the chairman of the health committee yesterday.

An owl and a mouse were caught in a trap near Seahouses, Northumberland. The mouse, which was dead, had evidently been crossing the trap when pounced upon by the owl. Still alive, but minus a leg, the bird was liberated.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal
Photographs In To-day's
"Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

STARVING MEN OF PADDINGTON.

After a procession of unemployed had marched to the Paddington Town Hall to demand that something should be done to alleviate the distress in the district, a collection was made, and Mr. Lyne, the leader of the men, soon found himself in possession of about £3. With this money he purchased loaves at the nearest baker's and distributed them immediately to those in need, as appears in our photograph on page 9.

The history of the demonstration is rather a curious one. Although the distress in Paddington was felt to demand attention by everyone aware of its extent, consideration of measures for relief was postponed owing to the fact that other matters were in a position of priority on the council's agenda.

Meantime thousands of men, women, and children were half starving. The consequence was a deputation of unemployed, who invaded the Town Hall and clamoured for work. The deputation was supported in its claims by a huge crowd of hungry out-of-work outside, and it is probable that only the tact of the mayor, Alderman Urquhart, prevented a disturbance.

He promised that a scheme of relief should be immediately considered, and the Town Clerk announced this fact to the crowd. Afterwards the mayor's son, who is a councillor, promised to every unemployed man present a good dinner, and the immediate crisis was safely passed.

LIFE-SAVING RECORD.

To have saved forty-nine persons on forty-nine separate occasions from death by drowning is a record of which anyone might well be proud; and after a career of such consistent heroism, Edward Benton, a skipper, of Boston, Lincolnshire, whose portrait is on page 8, finds himself within measurable reach of the workhouse at eighty-two years of age.

He does not want to eat the bread of charity, either within "the house" or outside it, but hopes that a little assistance will be forthcoming to enable him to buy a piano-organ with which he can continue to earn a living for his aged wife and himself during his remaining years. Surely he is entitled to so much after the splendid work he has done.

He was no more than twelve years of age when he saved his first life, and since then his life has been marked by a continuous series of gallant rescues.

"BUFFALO BILL" AS PLAINTIFF.

Few living men have in their time played a greater variety of parts than Colonel Cody, known all over the world as "Buffalo Bill," whose portrait will be found on page 8.

After having, in his early days, hunted buffalo on the western plains of America—whence his sobriquet, by the way—and fought in many a hard fight with the aboriginal Indians, Colonel Cody, with the versatility natural to his countrymen, turned showman with complete success.

As well as taking his own famous show all over Europe, he became interested in one or two theatrical ventures, and it is in connection with one of these that he is now appearing. Mrs. Howard Gould, wife of the late Mr. Jay Gould's third son, for £30,000.

Mrs. Howard Gould, of whom a picture presented also appears on page 8, was before her marriage Miss Katharine Clemons, a popular actress. The millionaire's son lost a fortune of £1,000,000 by his marriage with her, and it seems possible that he may have a further sum to pay on the same account.

NEW ATLANTIC LEVIATHAN.

A fine addition has just been made to the British mercantile marine by the launch of the new Cunard liner *Carmania*, from Messrs. John Brown and Company's famous shipbuilding yard in Clydebank.

The *Carmania*, which was photographed immediately after she had taken the water, as appears on page 8, is the first of the turbine-driven vessels building for the Liverpool-New York service. She is 676ft. long, 72ft. *Gin*, broad, and displaces 29,800 tons of sea-water. Accommodation is to be provided for 300 first class passengers, 350 second class, 1,000 third class, and 1,000 steerage. Her crew will number 550, so that the Leviathan will carry a total population of 3,200 souls, a sufficient number to make a fair-sized town.

Lady Blythswood performed the christening ceremony.

BOARDROOM FIGHT SEQUEL.

Mr. Walter Stevenson, who last week had three teeth knocked out by Mr. Ince at a meeting of the Bermondsey Guardians, was at Southwark yesterday charged with falsification of the accounts of a labour union. Mr. Ince is the president of the union.

The alleged defalcations amount to £600. A remand was ordered.

The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 1d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 2s. 6d.; for three months, 6s. 6d.; for six months, 13s. 6d.; or for a year, 26s.

To subscribers in America, £1. 1s. per annum.

For subscribers in Australia, £1. 1s. per annum.

Remittances should be crossed "Courts and Co." and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1905

CONTRARY TO COMMONSENSE

EVERYBODY is very angry (except the "Daily News," which always shows Christian resignation when its country is trodden on) about the supposed verdict of the North Sea Commission. We find it hard to understand why they have waited to be angry until now.

We knew what was likely to happen, the moment arbitration was announced. Arbitration is regarded by the nations of the Continent, and we are afraid by the United States, too, as a useful gag, to thrust between British teeth whenever they have done us a bad turn and we are calling out for reparation. Later on it becomes a stick to beat us with for daring to have made any complaint.

If the Admirals have really decided that the Baltic Fleet was not to blame, this is only one more instance of a decision being given against Britain in the face of evidence and in defiance of facts.

The Commission had to deal with two parties, each having rights. The Russian Admiral had a right to fire if he believed he was being attacked. That is the right upon which the report insists. But what about the right of the slaughtered fishermen to live? What about the right of those whose boats were sunk to fish peacefully in neutral waters? These rights have been overlooked altogether.

If A shoots B under the impression that B has a murderous intent and a revolver concealed behind his back, the question the Courts have to decide is: Was B's impression correct? If not, then A has to suffer the penalty of his rashness.

The whole crux of the situation lies in this. Were there really torpedo-boats about? Was the Admiral's belief that he was being attacked justified? If not, he certainly ought to be punished. Compensation does not by any means cover the case.

We hope the full report may throw light upon this point. At present the decision seems to be opposed both to the laws of evidence and to common-sense.

"A DANIEL COME TO JUSTICE."

The correspondents who recently lifted up their voices in the *Daily Mirror* over the outrages upon their linen committed by washerwomen should take heart from the decision of the Birmingham County Court Judge, awarding compensation for goods damaged in the wash.

No longer need we wail impotently over underclothing returned to us full of holes, shirts frayed and torn beyond recognition, tablecloths looking as if they had been used as targets for shell practice, collars that resemble medieval instruments of torture designed to cause exquisite agony to the necks of their wretched wearers.

We can threaten our tormentors with the penalties of the law, hate them to justice, and make them replace the objects they have so mercilessly maltreated.

Very likely they will mend their manners without any further process of the Courts. The knowledge that Judges will no longer take the view that laundries are sublimely irresponsible institutions ought to have an immediate effect. Deliverance has come to us in our darkest hour. The claws of the laundry fiend are already pared.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Let each day take thought for what concerns it; liquidate its own affairs, and respect the day which is to follow, and then we shall be always ready. To know how to be ready is to know how to die.—Amiel.

It is to be hoped that at to-night's Court, the second of the season, lovers of animals will not have to complain of the cruelty of horse-owners, and that those who still insist upon using the bearing rein will not also insist upon keeping it rigidly fixed while their carriages wait outside Buckingham Palace. I have received an appeal from the secretary of the Dumb Friends' League, and he points out that to leave the bearing rein, which is apparently more or less of a necessity if the horses are to look their best, continuously tightened during the hours of the ceremony would be quite a needless and gratuitous piece of cruelty. Unfortunately this has too often been done at Court functions in the past.

Happy are the artists to whom a King can be prevailed upon to sit for his portrait, for in the train of royalty fashion and money follow. Mr. Harold Speed, who is painting King Edward's

popular landlord. Certainly he is a very fortunate place in England—Folkestone. He and Lady Radnor are both admirable missives. They are also spiritualists, and Lord Radnor's faith in the powers of the occult world was strangely confirmed upon the death of his father, five years ago. The seat of the Radnors, beautiful Longford Castle, Wiltsire, is built with three towers dominating it, which symbolise the Trinity. The late Lord Radnor used always to bow to these three towers, in order to keep his family from harm.

An old legend in his family exhorts the owner of Longford, it seems, to

Turn and bow with heads full three,
And call on the name of Trinitie,
Or castle and lands will pass from thee.

But the late Earl died without telling his son to observe the rite. "Castle and lands" might therefore have been taken from him had it not been for a spiritualist medium, who warned him one even-

wines was ruined owing to the Cobden Treaty of 1861. Not in the least discouraged, Sir Walter re-edited his newspaper, new methods, new prices, and his firm built itself up again over the ruins of itself.

* * *

America seems to be disagreeing with our dramatic geniuses just now. It would be a great pity if Miss Mary Moore, who is the latest victim to illness out there, were incapacitated in the midst of the most successful tour she and Sir Charles Wyndham have ever made, but her illness, it seems, is not a serious one. Miss Moore had great difficulty in getting on to the stage, but once on her career has been a singularly tranquil and successful one. It was Sir Charles Wyndham, curiously enough, who gave her a first chance. He sent her as an understudy in one of his provincial companies to begin with. That did not please her at all, for she wanted really to act.

* * *

So one morning she left her company at Liverpool, came up to town, and told Mr. Wyndham that he must give her a part: she would not go back to understanding. He consented, and she played her first part soon afterwards. Miss Moore has really been very lucky. She must be quite well off by now, for she has been sagaciously "advised" by City friends, and has made money in the City. Then, a few years ago, a certain Mme. Gabrielli, a mysterious figure who moved for a time, without anyone knowing much about her, in London society, died, and left Miss Moore no less a sum than £25,000!

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Umpire of the North Sea Court.

AS soon as it was known that Admiral von Spaun, late Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian Navy, had been appointed to be the fifth member of the Admirals' Commission, and to have the casting vote between the representatives of Britain and America as opposed to those of Russia and France, all who knew the Admiral said "The settlement will be diplomatic and not judicial."

Admiral von Spaun is the very ideal of a diplomat, full of tact, most conciliatory, always anxious to put out ways of pleasing everybody, or, at any rate, "saving everybody's face." He would regard getting at the truth as a small matter compared with drawing up a decision that would bury the dispute decently and avoid giving offence.

He is rather a fine-looking—though not by any means a handsome—old man. His manner during the hearing of evidence was sharp and attentive, but to the English witnesses he was charmingly polite. He recollects with pleasure his residence in London during the 'seventies as naval attaché at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy.

In his early days he saw some fighting, and fought with great courage against France and Denmark. But Austria has had no naval war since the 'sixties, so his later career has been devoted entirely to organisation.

He would have done better as commander-in-chief of the Emperor Francis Joseph's navy if he had been allowed more money. He was always drawing up fine schemes and then being prevented by lack of funds from carrying them out.

He is a most modest officer, as he showed last year when the Vietnamese got up a fête in honour of his seventieth birthday. As soon as he heard of it he applied for leave of absence and stayed away from Vienna until all danger of his being "lionised" had passed away.

If he drew up the report declaring Admiral Rojestvensky to be justified in firing for twenty minutes upon the Hull fishermen he must have a curious disregard for evidence. But all the same, the British nation will bear him no grudge.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEBRUARY 23.—The song of the birds has not been quite so joyous during the last few days. Yet whenever the clouds pass a skylark mounts carolling upwards.

There are many instances of the usefulness of birds in the garden. As digging proceeds and grubs and insects are turned up, sparrows fearlessly hop around, devouring the pests. If one retires to a distance blackbirds, thrushes, and more timid birds hasten to the feast.

Already nests are being built. In warm localities there are rumours of thrushes' eggs. Even the cuckoo has been heard; but it was probably by a very enthusiastic ornithologist. E. F. T.

A DOMESTIC PRODIGY.

A crowd stood before a booth at the World's Fair. The open-mouthed at the front slipped quietly out and gathered in awed little groups and discussed the wonder in whispers. Those in the rear edged toward the shrine and gasped and stared and doubted. Politicians and clergymen, boddies and brewers, chauffeurs and sextons, rubbed elbows, humbled but happy. Lounging on a divan, Cleopatra-like, was a kitchen nymph, and near by a sign read: "A domestic that stayed with one family a year and did not smash a single plate."—"Judge" (American).



The Tribunal appointed to inquire into the Baltic Fleet's attack upon the Hull fishermen has decided (according to Reuter) that Admiral Rojestvensky was entitled to act as he did.

portrait just now, is only just over thirty. He is a very picturesque person. I remember seeing him once at a certain fancy dress ball, given at another artist's studio in Chelsea. He came in Elizabethan, or rather Jacobean, dress, with something vaguely Spanish about it. With his light, pointed beard and light brown hair he was, with one exception, the only decorative person in the room.

Mr. Speed determined to take to painting when he was five years old. He made a compact with a boy friend, who lived next door to him, that they should purchase adjacent studios with a hole in the wall through which they were to crawl and visit one another. Unfortunately his friend grew up with more prosaic inclinations, and Mr. Speed alone was true to that early determination. Mr. Speed is an artist who can work very rapidly. He once made a red-chalk portrait of Admiral Moore, who was just about to leave England for the Cape, in less than an hour, and with the model talking and fidgeting during the whole sitting.

Lord Radnor, who has just been appointed chairman of the Royal Commission on the Care and Control of Feeble-minded and Defective Persons, is a very benevolent person, and, I believe, a very

ing in a trance that the bows must be duly performed. So there is something utilitarian and practical about spiritualism after all!

The world which lives especially for horses was sorry to miss Sir Walter Gilbey, who is laid up with a chill at his house in Regent's Park, at the Shire Horse Show this week. Sir Walter is a very interesting old man of vast experience, and an optimist. He tells his friends that there are scarcely any of the seventy-four years he has lived which he would not live again—except perhaps his school-days, which were made miserable by a stern headmaster of the old and violent type. At times he became so unendurable that the little Gilbey thought seriously of running away and joining a circus!

After this school inferno, Sir Walter, as he says himself, "entered the House of Lords." You may think that rather a sudden elevation until you learn that he entered it only as a clerk to a firm of Parliamentary agents which had its offices within the august building itself. Then, in time, came his entry into the wine business. To give some idea of his extraordinary energy and determination I may recall the fact that his business in Colonial



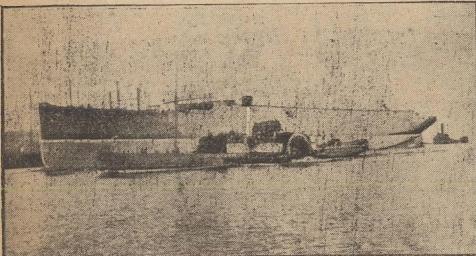
NEWS BY CAMERAS

BUFFALO BILL SUES MRS. HOWARD GOULD FOR £30,000.



Mrs. Howard Gould, who was formerly the well-known actress, Miss Katharine Clemmons. She married Mr. Howard Gould in 1898, and by his marriage her husband lost a fortune of £1,000,000 left him by his father, Jay Gould, the American millionaire.

FIRST CUNARD TURBINE LINER.



The Carmania, the first turbine liner for the Cunard Company, built by Messrs. John Brown and Co., of Clydebank, Glasgow. The vessel is capable of holding 2,000 passengers, and will attain a speed of twenty-one knots an hour.

GEORGE ELIOT'S FRIEND DEAD.



Mrs. Charles Bray, who has just died at Coventry at the age of ninety. She was the early friend of George Eliot, and many of the authoress's letters published in her biography were addressed to her.—(Wilkins.)



Colonel Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," who is claiming £30,000 from Mrs. Howard Gould for money which he lost when he "starred" her in London.

OCTOGENARIAN HERO.



Captain Edward Benton, of Boston (Lincs.), who during his eighty-two years of life has saved forty-nine persons from drowning. A subscription is being got up to buy a piano-organ to keep him out of the workhouse.—(Beales.)



When wearing cap and gown the boys of Westminster School have the privilege of unrestricted entrance to the Houses of Parliament.

SENSATIONAL BONMA



The beautiful Countess Linda and the four other persons implicated in the great sympathy is being shown for the Countess.

THE KING AND QUEEN

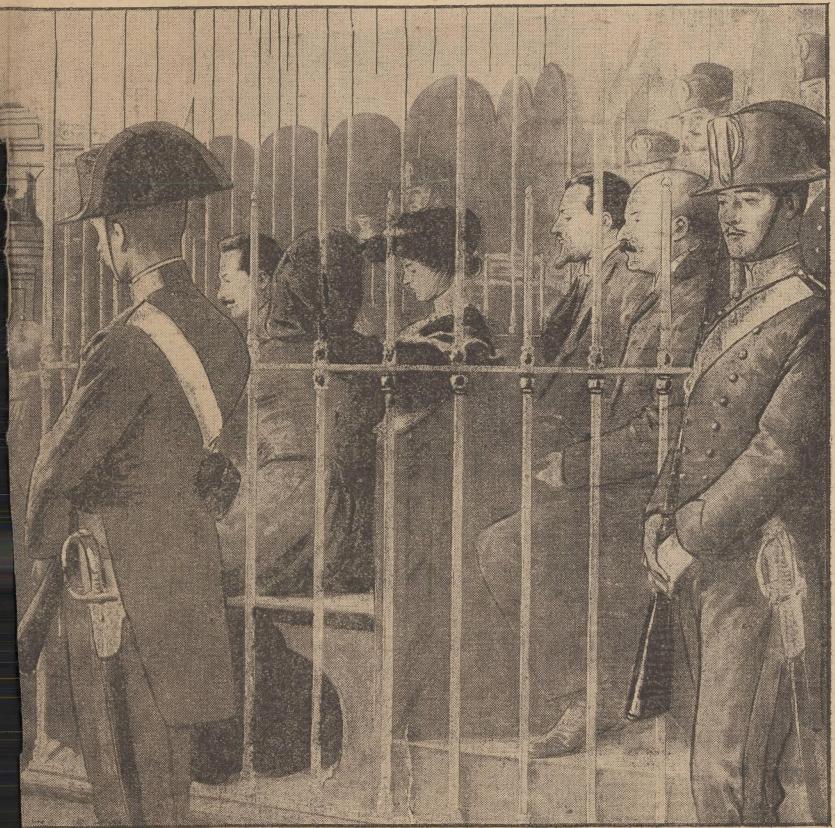


The King and Queen at the twenty-sixth annual London show of the Royal Shire Horse Society, held at the Agricultural Hall, London. Rothschild escorted their Majesties to the royal box.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS

PICTURES OF EVENTS

TINI MURDER TRIAL—SCENE IN COURT.



In the murder of her husband are confined in this cage-like dock at Turin during the trial. Throughout Italy account of the insults she was subjected to by her dead husband, who had cruelly neglected her.

THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW.



The Queen watching the judging of the shire horses from the royal box at the Agricultural Hall. Her Majesty was greatly interested in the exhibits.

SEE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.

MR. SEYMORE HICKS AND HIS BABY.



Mr. Seymour Hicks, the well-known actor and author, who has made the success of the season in "The Catch of the Season" at the Vaudeville Theatre. He is here seen holding his charming little daughter, who was born a few weeks ago. Miss Ellaline Terriss, the popular actress, is Mr. Seymour Hicks's wife.—(Ellis and Walery.)

COUNCIL HALL STORMED BY UNEMPLOYED.



The deputation of several hundred men, headed by Mr. H. T. Lyne, of the United Builders' Labourers' Union, which proceeded to the Paddington Council Hall to interview the council. The men threatened not to leave the building until their demands were met. Eventually a collection was made, and loaves were provided.

Pleasant Occupation at Which a Good Living Can Be Made.

HEALTH AND FREEDOM.

By EDITH BRADLEY,
Warden of Lady Warwick's College,
Studley Castle, Warwickshire.

I want to tell readers of the *Daily Mirror* about a thoroughly healthy profession open to educated women which is not over-stocked—the demand being greater than the supply—and which offers a definite means of livelihood.

Those who take it up live their lives in wholesome and healthy surroundings, which go to improve their physical conditions, instead of undermining them, as is so often the case in clerical work in towns.

The training for this profession can be obtained at a cost of £100 to £200, according to the branch of work chosen. This sum includes thorough instruction—practical and theoretical—and board and lodging in most beautiful surroundings, for either one or two years of forty weeks each.

This would be considered a small sum with which to equip a boy for life, but at present parents are apt to grudge any additional sum over and above that spent on an average education for their daughters. They hope they will marry. Many do not; and pathetic indeed are the struggles for independence which fall to a woman on the death of her father, when she is no longer in the spring of youth.

NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPING.

We are passing through great changes. Silent revolutions are going on all round. Great forces are at work. Agriculture has not escaped. It is called "the greatest industry in the country," but it has been shamefully neglected, until (what with free trade and the encouragement given to foreign imports, preferential tariffs, and the like) agriculture, as it was known to our forefathers, is in a sorry plight. Luckily it is not dead, and phoenix-like it will arise.

The lighter branches of agriculture include market gardening, fruit farming, as well as private gardening, dairy farming, and dairy work, both butter and ham and soft cheese-making, bee-keeping, and fruit preserving—including the large and growing industry of marmalading—and perhaps fruit and vegetable evaporating, jam and jelly making, and the marketing of all these things in a profitable and practicable manner.

This means a careful training both in theory and practice right through. The intellect and powers of observation must be brought to bear on the practical and manual work, and a knowledge of book-keeping and business habits generally must be combined with order and system in work. An intelligent interest must be taken in markets and prices, and the best methods of buying and selling must be studied.

Here, in brief outline, is work interesting and varied enough to employ the brains and activities of most women, especially when relaxation, in the form of hockey, tennis, cricket, cycling, boating, etc., are added to make that change of occupation

now, the life which I have indicated in the fore-going requires the "best" of him or herself to be given by either man or woman. When agriculture is recognised as a most honourable profession for man or woman to take up, and large and increasing numbers offer themselves every year for training, it must follow that we shall get back to the land a force of intellect and energy which will help to build up again this "greatest industry" on the soundest and best lines.

In fact, in the future, when the land laws are reformed, when the fiscal policy has been wisely settled, and when intelligent women ratepayers have received common justice in being allowed to vote for their members, the prospects of agriculture should be far sounder and brighter than the prospects of trade and commerce in towns under the compressed and enervating influences which surround them.

But there is no need to wait for future developments. Start at once.

INTOLERABLE NUISANCE

Suffered by Well-known Americans at the Hands of Vulgar Sightseers.

Prominent Americans are at last combining in a protest against the daily annoyance to which they have long been subjected by the Rapid Sightseeing Company.

Huge automobiles carrying forty or fifty persons make the round of the principal American cities three times a day, and guides shout through megaphones descriptions of public buildings and private houses in tones that can be heard 200 yards away.

For example, "On your right, ladies and gentlemen, you see the house of Cornelius Vanderbilt, junior. He was deprived of his patrimony for marrying against his father's wish, but owing to the noble generosity of his brothers and sisters he is still a millionaire."

In Wall-street, where the stockbrokers have their offices, the guides excel themselves. "This is the office, ladies and gentlemen, of Russell Sage, the multi-millionaire, who is known in Wall-street as Uncle Russell. He is so famed for his parsimony that when he buys a dollar hat the Manhattan Railway stocks go up three points."

In Washington Admiral Dewey is one of the principal sufferers. The automobiles stop for at least five minutes in front of his house, and the guide bows:—"The red house to your right was given by the American people to Admiral Dewey, who destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay and came to Washington to be captured by a lone woman."

FAVOURING THE FOREIGNER.

The bright blue flowers of the chicory have now almost disappeared from the agricultural areas of England. But there is reason to believe that the cultivation of the wholeroot will be revived.

Mr. Crawford, head of the Intelligence Department of the Board of Agriculture, has been making a thorough investigation into the reasons for the decline of chicory farming.

At present our duty system gives a preference to foreign chicory growers of 2s. 4d. per ton. No wonder Yorkshire farmers cannot grow chicory.

Four years ago 50 per cent. of the chicory consumed in England was home-grown. Now it has dwindled to 2 per cent., the remaining 98 per cent. being dumped on the English market by the favoured foreigner.

of her dream. She was to go to-day, to go to London, to be alone with Lady Betty and her mother. They were both her enemies now; she could not help looking on them as such. They both wanted to tear her away from the man she loved.

Before she had bowed to their decision because she had seen with half-opened eyes, and had not understood. But now?

She rose suddenly to her feet, smoothed out Lady Betty's letter, and put it back in its envelope, poured herself out a cup of tea, and buttered a thin slice of toast; and, afterwards, dressed herself with mechanical fingers, while one thought possessed her mind to the exclusion of all else.

She would not leave Perivale until she had seen him again. That no one should demand of her.

She had never been any indecision in her character. There was a certain doggedness under her reserved and silent demeanour that might, under favourable circumstances, develop into a very formidable strength of will.

And since last night there had sprung, fully-developed, into her brain a new force, a woman's subtlety, for since last night the child had become a woman.

Downstairs, she said nothing about her summons from her mother. Nearly all the women of the party were gathered together in the morning-room; the guns had left the house more than half an hour ago.

Mrs. Grampian was busy finding out what each individual would like to do with herself before she went off to her correspondence and to superintend the household affairs.

She exclaimed in a loud voice, when Joan came over to say good-morning to her:

"My dear child, what is the matter with you? You look as white as a sheet. Don't tell me you are one of those unfortunate people who can never sleep the first night in a strange house!"

It was incredibly, senselessly cruel. The two letters had wakened her roughly and brutally out

"No, thank you very much, Mrs. Grampian."

WARNINGS OF ERUPTION.

Is it any wonder capitalists and commercial men seek operations abroad in preference to home? Is it any wonder trade is bad?

With our Cabinet tossing about in an open boat and our public departments a laughing stock to the intelligent foreigner, and a long series of incidents like this North Sea decision, we are rapidly becoming a nation of imbeciles.

But there are rumblings and mutterings among the workers, and bitter laughter. Vesuvius always rumbles before it erupts. JOHN J. ROYFFE.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF CONVERSION.

I listened last Wednesday night to Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander. For seven years I had been thinking of putting myself on the road to Christ, but I had failed.

When Dr. Torrey asked all those who wished to lead a new life to go to the front I went. I was spoken to by a worker who pointed out Christ's pardon to the repented. I took the words home with me, and now glorify my Saviour, and shall always pray for Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander that their power to save souls may increase.

A REPENTANT SINNER.

CLERICAL IRONY.

I see that the Bishop of Chichester is reported as having related an anecdote about some lions in Mashonaland being conquered by the recitation of the "39 Articles."

I think this must be untrue. A bishop who is so strictly orthodox that he desires to forbid his clergy giving vent either in public or private to views which are anti-Christian and are believed in by very many Churchmen, though they are not dogmatically taught by the Church, and which he does not hold himself, is hardly likely to sneer publicly at the Articles on which that Church is based!

CLERICUS.

BOARD SCHOOL IDIOTS.

As a teacher of some of the "idiots"—a very appropriate term—may I answer R. M. Holt?

Does he not know that the late Board School ordained that, before they can talk their own language, children must learn chemistry, French, art, cookery, "woodchopping" (generally called manual training), together with a lot more useless things?

The average Board School boy may perhaps work an arithmetical problem concerning a "jug" and its contents, but, if, on the day following, the "jug" is called a "pail" he is nonplussed. As for delivering a message correctly, heaven help him!

BOARD SCHOOL TEACHER.

NEW UNIFORM FOR JACK TAR.

Your admirable cartoon hits off the Admiralty decision to a T. It seems, if this new arrangement is carried out, that "Jack's" uniform will soon become an object of derision like "Tommy's" German cap.

Surely it is a pity to alter a costume that has served our gallant sailors for so many years. One might as well suggest putting them into knickerbockers to prevent the trouser bottoms getting wet.

I should think an article on the same principle as a cyclist's trouser clip could be served out which would hold the bagginess in check whilst the wearer was among machinery.

ADIMER OF THE NAVY.

York-avenue, Ashley Down-road, Bristol.

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An Old Curiosity

Shop apply describe some furnishing stores, where the stock is accumulated, but soon will find THIS STORE "right up to date" in everything—*in quality, and design*. If it is inconvenient for you to pay cash when furnishing we shall be just as anxious to supply you on our usual System of Easy Terms. No security or objectionable inquiries. Call and see our wonderful bargains this day, or send for our Art Booklet on Home Comforts (post free). It will show you "HOW TO SAVE" many pounds."

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(Continued on page 11.)

BLUEBEARD II.

The Amazing Career of Johann Hoch, Who Married Forty Wives.

FIRST STEP IN CRIME.

Pretending to be Wealthy, He Won the Heart of His Earliest Victim with Ease.

To-day, in the case of Johann Hoch, the "Chicago Bluebeard," who is said to have gone through the marriage ceremony with no fewer than forty women, America is revelling in one of the greatest sensations it has ever known. Throughout the whole country the preliminary police-court proceedings in New York, during which Hoch was confronted with eight of his wives, were watched through the papers with the keenest excitement.

Ten days ago he was transported to Chicago, where the final trial is taking place.

The *Daily Mirror*, since Hoch's arrest six weeks ago, has been able, through its American correspondents, to obtain some astounding information concerning the life of this modern Bluebeard.

In the following chapters we shall show how amazing was the audacity of this man, and by what methods he led women on to ruin and in some cases to death.

Johann Hoch to-day is forty-three years old. In appearance he is typically German, with heavy, full face and ponderous manner. His eyes, dark and deep-set, have a furtive, sinister gleam in them.

LURED BY THE BAITS OF WEALTH.

He was born in a small village some miles from Berlin. His parents were of the artisan class, and Johann was one of several children. He was sent to the ordinary school, but, showing signs of considerable ability, he was removed to a technical college.

At the age of eighteen he entered a merchant's office. From that time until he went to the United States eleven years ago, when he was thirty-two, Hoch's career is somewhat obscure. It is believed he travelled about Europe for some years, and settled and married in Zurich, Switzerland.

Early in 1884 a German, giving his name as Johann Hoch, called at a German-American boarding-house on the outskirts of Milwaukee.

He had pleasant, ingratiating ways, and soon gained the confidence of Mrs. Reichs, the widow who owned the boarding-house. One day he told her how his father, a wealthy merchant in Berlin, had insisted on his going to the United States.

"When I have been here a year," said Hoch, smiling at the widow, "I shall start a branch of my father's business in Chicago or Milwaukee. He will give me £10,000 to begin it with."

Mrs. Reichs believed the story. She was a woman between forty and fifty, and during some ten years had kept herself by the boarding-house.

"It is a very poor business, boarding-house-keeping in Germany," said Hoch artfully.

"Ach, yes," replied the widow, "but not in this country. I have boarders who pay me £23 a week, and I have money saved."

Hoch said no more at the time. But he had gained the information he wanted. Day by day

he paid more marked attention to the widow. By degrees he crept into her confidence.

After the German supper one evening he excused himself and went up to his room. In a few minutes he returned with a pocket-book in his hand.

"Oh, Mrs. Reichs," he said, "will you take charge of a little money for me? I am apt to spend if I have it."

He handed over bills for about £20, and began to talk of how fast money could be saved in America.

"Yes," replied the widow, "I have now in the bank over £2,000, and I have saved it in eight years. I shall retire in another five years."

A month later Hoch, after taking Mrs. Reichs to a theatre, proposed to her. The audacity of the man was marvellous. "I will send home for money—for my half-year's allowance—and we will get married at once," he suggested.

The widow thought it wiser that he should not send home. "We can get married just the same," she said. "You need not send for more money." The infatuated woman insisted. The marriage was performed privately the following week.

For two months Hoch and his wife lived on the best of terms. Then the day came and passed when Hoch should have received his allowance from Berlin.

"It is nothing," he declared, when his wife spoke to him of the delay. "My father thinks no doubt that I do not need money in any hurry and has overlooked the date."

Another week passed. Mrs. Hoch grew suspicious. Hoch only smiled when she asked for

BRITISH OPINION

Upon the Reported Unfavourable Decision of the North Sea Tribunal.

A rather disappointing judgment.—"Daily Telegraph."

We are glad to close the incident with the reflection, "All's well that ends well."—*Daily Express.*

What disturbs us is the possible effect on the safety of neutral shipping in war time.—*Manchester Guardian.*

The international court, composed of five admirals of distinction, has dealt the deathblow to arbitration.—*Daily Mail.*

The judgment is totally at variance with the circumstances as they appeal to the people of this country.—*Yorkshire Post.*

The lack of firmness displayed by the Cabinet in this matter has humiliated the nation in the eyes of the whole world.—*Morning Post.*

We must "see that for the future no precautions are omitted to protect our neutral shipping in the presence of a Russian fleet."—*Morning Leader.*

The Russian Government, and the Russian navy also, have won the first victory which has shone upon them during the war with Japan.—*Daily Chronicle.*

Assuming the present reports to be tolerably correct, any future British Government will find it difficult to persuade this free and enlightened country that the judgment of others is preferable to personal management of its own quarrels.—*St. James's Gazette.*

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WILL CURE YOU.

TAKE IT DAILY AFTER MEALS.
Price 1½ & 2½ per bottle.

WHAT BRITAIN HAS LOST.

Long List of Arbitrations That Have Turned Out Badly for Us.

The other day we mentioned that international inquiries and courts of arbitration had very seldom decided questions in our favour. Here are a few instances in which we have lost cases after agreeing to settle them in this way:

1818.—Britain v. United States: Possession of certain slaves. Britain lost.

1864.—Britain v. Argentine Republic: Dispute about harbour rights. Britain lost.

1864.—Britain v. Peru: Imprisonment of an Englishman. Britain lost.

1868.—Britain v. Portugal: Possession of an island off West Coast of Africa. Britain lost.

1872.—Britain v. Portugal: Delagoa Bay territory. Britain lost.

1872.—Britain v. United States: Alabama difficulty. Britain lost.

1873.—Britain v. United States: Possession of the island of San Juan. Britain lost.

1890.—Britain v. Belgium: Arrest of a British subject in Belgium. Britain lost.

1903.—Britain v. United States: Alaska boundary. Britain lost.

A DAINTY DISH.

Roast Cook Required for club near Piccadilly; must be English; £60.—From the "Morning Post."

In her new state of mind Billy had ceased to exist—with all other men, save one. "But tell me about the trains."

"There's one a little after five, that is the express, and another quite late—ten o'clock. But why do you ask, Jo?"

"Because I may have to go," she said tranquilly, preparing her way, with the new craft that she had suddenly learned. "I had a letter from mother this morning. She said she was not at all well, and missed me very much. If I don't hear any more I think I must go to her."

"Oh, surely not!" the young man exclaimed, his intense disappointment making his voice quite harsh. "Just as all the fun is beginning—it would be too bad. We're having a dance to-night, and quite a big one to-morrow, and on Monday I want to arrange a motor-car expedition. My dear Jo, if your mother were really bad she would let you know. Shall I write for you?"

The girl shook her head.

"I won't go unless I must," she said, with a strange, bitter, decided note in her voice, that fell on unheeding ears, since Billy could not have attached any meaning to it.

The party broke up. Billy was called away, and Joan heard a voice behind her that sent all the blood to her cheeks in one great rush of magnificence welcome.

Tony Heron dropped on to a cushion beside her. "What is the matter, Blue Eyes?" he said quietly. "I have been watching you all the time. Something has happened."

"I will tell you afterwards," she said. "I can't here."

He looked at the plate in front of her.

"Is that all you have eaten?" His voice dropped to a whisper—the wonderful tenderness of it was like a caress. "Oh, my Blue Eyes, you can't live on love, you know!"

He leaned forward and poured out a glass of

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Wholesales, Pictures, Cycles, Motors, Accessories, 5,500 new and second-hand machines actually in stock.

Cycles from 20s., U.S.A. and EADIE's machines, 10s. to 12s. per week, 10s. per month.

Agents Wanted.

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50 per cent. less than other makers.

Warrilow & Co., Weston-super-Mare, England.

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(Continued on page 18.)

The LANCET of the 11th inst., in an Article entitled

"THE CAUSE AND PREVENTION OF APPENDICITIS"

states that there are numerous cases in which a "stimulus to the intestines is absolutely necessary," and that in such cases aperient waters are

"MOST VALUABLE REMEDIES."

The LANCET of December 5th, 1896, says:

Hunyadi János

is the

"PROTOTYPE OF ALL BITTER WATERS."

AVERAGE DOSE: a wineglassful before breakfast, either pure or diluted with a similar quantity of hot or not very cold water. May be safely administered to children in proportionally reduced quantities.

HUNYADI JÁNOS PREVENTS APPENDICITIS.



THE STARVING AND SUFFERING POOR.

DEAR SIR,

Can you please send us some help to maintain the Salvation Army's great Social and Relief Work? Over 100 Special Relief Centres are in operation, and generous help is essential to maintain these and our ordinary Social operations (housing 6,000 nightly). Money is urgently required also for our Emigration efforts, our temporary Shelters and Workshops, our Breakfasts to starving Children, and Relief of destitute wanderers at 2 o'clock each morning. On every hand we are hampered through lack of means. The work must cease unless help to maintain it is received. £5 will relieve 960. Please make cheques (crossed Bank of England, Law Courts Branch) payable to William Booth, and send them to me at 101, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

W. BRAMWELL BOOTH.



WILLIE HOUSDEN

HERE IS something almost tragic about a baby's sufferings! The tiny mite is so helpless itself and so incapable of explaining its distress to others! How is a mother to know how to treat her sufferer when the little one can utter no word to help her? She can—she must—draw upon the experience of others. The experience of thousands of physicians and of mothers beyond count, testifies to the great efficacy of SCOTT'S EMULSION at teething time.

The Teething Question!

Mr. M. T. Housden, of 203 High Street, Stratford, wrote us this letter on April 19th, 1904: "My son, when six months of age, was very ill while cutting his first teeth, more resembling a dead baby than one alive. As a last resource my wife bought a small bottle of Scott's Emulsion and before half of it had been taken a change came over the child like magic, and from then to now he has gone on improving, and is at the present time as healthy a child as one could wish to see.—M. T. HOUSDEN."

Like magic! Yes, because

Scott's Emulsion

consists mainly of the finest Norwegian cod liver oil—a magic healer—split up into a vast number of tiny globules, easily absorbed by the most delicate baby system. Ordinary cod liver oil, as every mother knows, is most indigestible. It is also nasty, while Scott's Emulsion is exceedingly nice.

Don't wait to use Scott's Emulsion as a "last resource"; use it as a "first resource" and you will save the baby!

Send to-day for a free sample bottle of Scott's Emulsion together with a beautiful coloured booklet for the children, (enclosing 4d. for postage and mentioning this paper) to Scott & Bowrie, Ltd., 10-11, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED

"ANTIALCOHOLIN" will do it. A wonderful discovery within reach of all. Perfectly harmless. Acts miraculously; with perseverance never fails. Administered with or without their knowledge in Tea, Coffee, etc.

ANTIALCOHOLIN CO. LTD. 157 STRAND, LONDON

Light CAKES

If you want to make delicious, LIGHT Cakes, easily, cheaply, and with certain success, USE EIFFEL TOWER BUN FLOUR. There are four kinds—Lemon, Almond, Vanilla, and Plain.

Sold in 1d. & 3½d. packets by all Grocers. It also makes Buns so good, so light, so wholesome, that you never tire of them. Try it. You will be delighted with

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR

THE HAIR, EYEBROWS, AND EYELASHES BEAUTIFIED—NEW SPRING CORSAGES.

THE CULT OF COMELINESS.

A DEBUTANTE'S SEARCH FOR LOVELINESS.

Part IV.

Continuing her counsel to Belinda's sister, Mrs. Templer assured her that, instead of being "a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair," she would attain the beauty of lovely curves by being obedient to her bestests. "Every morning and evening you will massage your face with almond oil mixed with a little eau de Cologne. Then you will bathe it in cold, distilled water, and, finally, you will friction it well with the palms of your hands. In two months' time you will be a new, attractive woman, and your best friend will scarcely recognise you." Julia smiled in a gratified way, and looked across at Belinda, on whose glossy, reddish-brown hair, artistically coiled on the nape of her neck, the firelight shone uncomingly.

A Good Soap Jelly

"What has Belinda done to her hair?" she asked suddenly. "I never saw it look so glossy."

"Every night I friction the scalp for ten minutes with my fingers, rubbing it till the skin tingles," said Belinda. "Then I brush it well for another five minutes, taking care to give it long, even strokes, and to divide it into portions so that the hair is really stimulated in every place. Then two days ago I shampooed it well."

"I melted a cake of olive oil soap in a quart of boiling water and let it dissolve and get cold. Then I took two table-spoonsful of the jelly and mixed it with a little ammonia in hot water. I scrubbed every portion of my scalp with a nail brush, rinsed my hair in clean, tepid water, and then dried it with hot towels."

"And as Belinda's hair is rather inclined to be dry, she uses a little brilliantine every day after she has well brushed her hair," added Mrs. Templer. "She applies this with a tooth brush, and as it is simply composed of one pint of any scented spirit mixed with two ounces of castor oil any woman can make the brilliantine. You will see for yourself what a brilliantine it imparts to the hair, and how beautiful Belinda's hair has become with very little trouble."

"I wish you would give me a lotion to prevent my hair falling off," said Julia, whose locks were of a nondescript brown hue and deficient in tone. "And couldn't you tell me how to brighten it? I don't want red hair, like Belinda's, but I should like a warm brown."

Stimulant for the Hair.

A lotion that would stimulate your hair is composed of one ounce of spirits of rosemary, two drachms each of liquor of ammonia and oil of sweet almonds, half a drachm of oint of mace, and two and a half ounces rosewater," replied Mrs. Templer. "Mix the almond oil with the ammonia, then add the essential oil of mace to the rosemary, shake these up with the oil and ammonia, and finally add the rosewater by degrees."

"Now, how to brighten it, and give warm tints," pleaded Julia. "Mrs. Templer hesitated. "If you are not content to brighten it by natural means, such as constant friction, rubbing with a silk hand-kerchief, or laying a piece of cotton-wool over the brush, and then brushing the hair well, I can tell you how to use artificial aid," she said. "But the process requires great care to make it successful, and, frankly, I should advise you to go to a good coiffur, and ask him to do it for you."

"I should like to try the process myself," said Julia, "so please give me the prescription."

"As you wish for a golden brown, you must first lighten your hair by a golden hair-water," produced Mrs. Templer. "This is simply a solu-



Three corsages, for particulars of which see column 4.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

"And, now, what is the matter, Blue Eyes?" asked the man, as soon as they were alone. "Oh, how beautiful you are this morning!" he added before she could speak, and raised both her hands to his lips and kissed the palms through the opening in the grey suede gloves. "You're not a fairy princess, you're a woodland sprite; and your hair is the colour of all the russet leaves, and your cheeks are pinker than I have ever seen them, and your eyes are like the deep forest pools into which men slip and are lost for ever; and if it were ten miles from here to Pervale it wouldn't be half long enough for all I have to say to you."

She released her hands and took the letters from her pocket, and gave them both to him to read.

He read as he walked, and a dark frown gathered on his brow.

"I know she would do something of the sort," he muttered.

He stood still and suddenly flung his arms about her and held her so close that each could feel the beating of the other's heart.

"Blue Eyes," he whispered, "are you going to give me up? Tell me, do you not know that it is no good, that, whatever happened, whatever we resolved, whatever we promised, we should always come back to one another?"

"Yes, yes," she murmured.

"You can't give me up, my Blue Eyes!"

His lips were on hers. When he released her, and she recovered her breath, all else had vanished from her mind, all but himself.

"I can't—I can't," she said. She knew that she

could not. She had no doubts now, and no regret. No one had been fair with her. She had not understood. Now, she would face anything, dare anything, so long as he was with her.

She looked at him shyly, adoringly, as he walked beside her. The fine, firm profile, with its quiet strength, it's tremendous self-control, gave her a sense of comfort and peace.

"What am I to do?" she asked quietly.

"Alas! my Blue Eyes," he rejoined, "you must go."

"Oh, no. I should be afraid—away from you."

"It won't be for long," he said consolingly.

"But you must go; you can't stay after what Lady Betty has written. You see, they would fetch you away, and, if they guessed anything, they would take you right away, as far away from me as they could. They are so determined—and so wrong!"

"What am I to do, then, when I get back?"

"Nothing—not at all. Your mother does not know that I am here—Lady Betty says. To Lady Betty you need say nothing about me, except that you understand her letter."

"That all the puny forces on their earth cannot separate you from me? No, my Blue Eyes, you mustn't tell them that!"

"But I hate deception."

"So do I; it is weak. But there is no choice. Once your mother knew, she would move heaven and earth to keep us apart."

"But she must know some day!"

"Some day; but not yet. I must have time to think."

"But when shall I see you again?" she cried, with a despair that made his heart sing.

tion of 10 per cent. strength of peroxide of hydrogen in water, which will speedily change the colour of your hair to a golden tint. Then you must procure some senna in powder and make it into a paste of the consistency of cream. Apply this to the freshly-washed, but not completely dried, hair, and leave it on all night, say for ten hours. Then rinse the hair well in tepid water, and you will find it will have assumed an auburn-brown tint. But, again, I warn you that this is best done by a professional."

The Brows and Lashes Darkened.

Julia, while listening to Mrs. Templer's words, had been gazing critically at Belinda. "Belinda," she said suddenly, "what have you been doing to your eyelashes and eyebrows? I am sure they are darker than they used to be."

Belinda glanced at Mrs. Templer. "Every night I rub cocoa butter on my eyebrows and lashes to make them grow, and—Tell the truth," said Mrs. Templer, as Belinda hesitated. "The fact is, Julia, Belinda became impatient, and begged me to tell her of something that would darken her lashes quicker than cocoa butter. And, as you can see, the improvement is very great."

"I reduced a stick of Chinese ink, about half an ounce weight, to a fine powder in a mortar," said Belinda. "It was really very hard work, but I persevered. Then I rubbed gradually half a pint of hot rose-water into the powder and agitated the whole several times a day for two days. Every day I apply this liquid to my eyelashes and brows with a camel's hair brush, but Mrs. Templer will not allow me to use much, as she says artificially-darkened eyebrows look so vulgar."

[To be continued. The previous articles of this group appeared in the "Daily Mirror" of February 1, 7 and 17.]

COLLARS AND CUFFS.

A plunge into reckless extravagance in the matter of neckwear is likely to be taken by the well-dressed girl this year, for the display of such accessories of the toilette at present is tempting beyond description.

The most exquisite collars and cuffs are embroidered by hand, with eyelet or broderie Anglaise, which in some cases forms the entire design, and in others is combined with the fine raised embroidery. Many of the smartest sets are made of coarse, heavy linen, with button-holed scalloped edges and eyelet embroidery, or possibly inset Irish crochet mingled with embroidery.

As well as the new types of lingerie neckwear just mentioned there are a host of dainty lace and lawn confections being offered in the shops now, not too fussy, but pretty enough to give a charming touch to the simplest frock. The collar and long front tab inset with medallions of needlework or lace are another accessory that will add much to the appearance of the plain blouse.

The embroidered linen belts which put in an appearance last summer are with us again in new forms, and some of them belong to the collar and cuff sets, being embroidered to match and made of corresponding linen. Pearl buckles, either round, oval, or square, are the correct ones to use with them, and the belts may be of the flat or draped variety, though the flat ones, slightly stiffened, are held to be the most modish now.

Paquin, the well-known dressmaker, of 3 Rue de la Paix, Paris, and 39, Dover-street, W., gives notice that, owing to his trade-mark having been extensively counterfeited recently, he has decided to make an alteration in the same this season; therefore, the waistbands of all models produced by this firm will henceforth bear the name of "Paquin" in blue letters on a white ground.

"Very soon. Listen, my Blue Eyes! I am leaving here on Monday. Lady Betty and your mother will have no further fear, and you will come back to Little Brady. You must write to me in London, and tell me where I can meet you. Choose some quiet spot, and I will come down on the car, and take you for a long ride. Any day, any hour, so soon as you come back. I cannot wait long. I don't like doing this," he added very gravely, "but there is no other way. It is impossible to tell your mother until I take you to her as my wife." At the edge of the wood he took her in his arms again.

"Good-bye, Blue Eyes, for a day or two," he murmured, kissing her eyelids and her beautiful, trembling mouth. "You don't regret?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she breathed.

"Perhaps I ought not to ask you to meet me in secret."

"But I want to," she said simply. "I couldn't live without seeing you. It is not my fault, it is not your fault. It is theirs."

"Yes," he agreed, "it is theirs for trying to keep us out of fairyland. You will think of me, Blue Eyes. Tell me how often!"

"Every minute," she said, in her clear, childish voice, into which crept a new note of passion, with a strange and enchanting effect. "Every minute, until I see you again."

(To be continued.)

LAST CHANCE—SALE ENDING, really exceptional Bargains throughout the 8th FLOOR MARKET, Piccadilly, during the magnificent show of Jewellery, Silver Plate and Watches at SAQUIN and LAWRENCE, 28-32, Liverpool-street, E.C. 276-277, Finsbury-court, N. (adult).

TO-DAY'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BLOUSES THAT APPEAR IN ANOTHER COLUMN.

The corsage that is drawn at the top of the picture in column two is made of wood-violet crépe de Paris, a new cloth with all the suppleness of crépe de Chine, but more substance about it. The model is gauged at each seam upon a fitted lining, and is trimmed upon the frants with embroidered crépe de Chine and a narrow band of deeper violet velvet. The sleeves are very prettily gauged to match the corsage, and a cream lace vest gives the scheme its finishing touch.

Prawn Pink Detain.

The latest shirts in accordance with fashion's demands, though they are of a simple tailor-made variety, have large sleeves brought into deep cuffs at the wrists. The model sketched below the corsage just described is carried out in prawn-pink délane with a double ring spot upon it. The tie of black velvet, which is apparently threaded through silver slides and a couple of bands upon the shirt, is really a stationary affair, though it might easily be removed and velvet of another colour be introduced to take its place, in which case the velvet waistbelts should match.

Beneath will be seen a model specially designed for a slender girl, and intended to be carried out in pearl-grey cashmere with a collar of silk to match, fastened by three steel buttons upon the shoulder-line. The vest is made of silk covered with silver embroidery, picked out here and there with a few steel spangles.

SPECIAL SPANGLES.

Myrtle green is a favourite colour for silk petticoats.

Umbrellas and walking-sticks with watches sell in the handles are now seen.

A new lease of life is predicted for the linen collar during the coming spring and summer.

Hand-etched buckles in varied and artistic designs are destined to achieve a considerable popularity according to fashion oracles.

The paillette glitters on many a gown, but not in the old-fashioned round form so much as the newer shapes—namely, oval, pear, square, or triangular.

ARMY TRIALS.

An Infantryman's Long Siege.

This soldier's tale of food is interesting.

During his term of service in the 17th Infantry in Cuba and Philippines, an Ohio soldier became infected with a disease of the stomach and bowels, which all the army doctors who treated him pronounced incurable, but which Grape-Nuts food alone cured.

"In October, 1899, when my enlistment expired, I was discharged from the Army at Calcutta, Philippines, and returned to the States on the first available steamer that left Manila. When I got home I was a total wreck physically and my doctor put me to bed saying he considered me the worst broken-down man of my age he ever saw, and after treating me six months he considered me beyond medical aid."

"During the fall and winter of 1900 and 1901 I was admitted to the Barnes Hospital in Washington, D.C., for treatment for chronic inflammation of the stomach and bowels, but after five months returned home as bad as ever."

"I continued taking medicine until February, 1902, when, reading a newspaper one day, I read about Grape-Nuts and was so impressed I sent out for a package right away."

"The result is quickly told for I have used Grape-Nuts continually ever since with the best results, my health is so I can do a fair day's work, stomach and bowels are in good condition, have gained 40 pounds in weight and I feel like a new man altogether."

"I owe my present good health to Grape-Nuts beyond all doubt for medical science was exhausted." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe-lane, E.C.

Had he consulted any one of several thousand physicians we know of they would have prescribed Grape-Nuts immediately.

Look in each packet for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Beauty.

For cleansing the skin and preserving it from roughness, chaps, blisters, hard water, cold, wind or fog, *Celma Fluor Cream* is unique, and alone imparts the delicate transparent tints that need no powder. Price 1/- Send 2d postage for two samples (different shades).

Celma Co., Ltd. (Dept. H.), 142, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.

The Children's Breakfast: Creamy Plasmon Oats

Require no milk. Cooked in 4 minutes.

SIXTY YEARS BILIOUS.

Biliousness, Indigestion, and Jaundice CURED AFTER A LIFETIME OF SUFFERING.

AN AILMENT of 60 years' standing, which has withstood during this long period every medicine available, and which has baffled the skill of scores of doctors and hospital specialists, might well be considered incurable, and the remedy that cures such ailment must be one of extraordinary efficacy. This is what Bile Beans have accomplished. Nothing could more clearly prove the vast superiority of this thoroughly up-to-date vegetable specific over the old-fashioned mineral-containing poisons, which have for years passed as "medicines." The facts, as related to a London "Sun" reporter, by Mr. W. Sturgeon, of 12, Pollard-road, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W., are as follows:

"I've been a sufferer from biliousness, jaundice, and all the terrible evils attending them, since I was a child," said Mr. Sturgeon. "As a child at school my life was a misery. I could not eat and enjoy what other children could, for I was always unable to digest food. I could not even play as other children played, for I was always being laid up with biliousness, indigestion, and exhaustion. When I became a young man and entered into business I was always handicapped in the race for success, the repeated illness making me constantly have to cease work. My parents tried everything that friends and doctors could recommend, but they could never give me relief."

"Since I became dependent on myself, my wife and I have sought out everything that could be suggested, and wasted endless money on doctors and their prescriptions. I have also visited a number of hospitals, have taken all sorts of pills and concoctions warranted to cure indigestion and to clear the bile out of my system, but all in vain. I never obtained any real ease, for if the pains became dull for a few days they never failed to return quickly with full force."

"Such a thing as enjoying a meal was impossible. For one thing I never had a wholesome appetite, and whatever food I took—I was, of course, forced to take something—was followed by an attack of biliousness, indigestion, and severe pains at the chest and round the heart, no matter how light the food. In fact, my life has been one long misery; and my wife's life a burden through my suffering. As I grew older I found the attacks were becoming more frequent and more severe. Sleep was impossible, excepting at fitful intervals, when I practically dropped off from sheer exhaustion, soon to awaken. It was my wife who persuaded me to try Bile Beans. We got one box, and in a few days I found myself a little better, my tongue became clean, and I began to enjoy my food. A short time afterwards, for the first occasion during all those years, I found myself free from pain after eating. Then I began to feel hungry! It was a rare treat, I can tell you!"

"I kept on with the Bile Beans, and there was no return of biliousness and indigestion. I am now completely cured, and have never felt so strong and well in all my life. I sleep soundly at night, get up in the morning refreshed—a thing I never knew before—and it is a pleasure to go about my work. As I have said, we both feel like young people beginning life afresh."

"For all this I have Bile Beans alone to thank. I'm anxious to let everyone know, and I hope that every poor creature who suffers from biliousness or indigestion will read what I say, and will take Bile Beans." Mrs. Sturgeon was as enthusiastic as her husband about the wonders of Bile Beans.

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE.

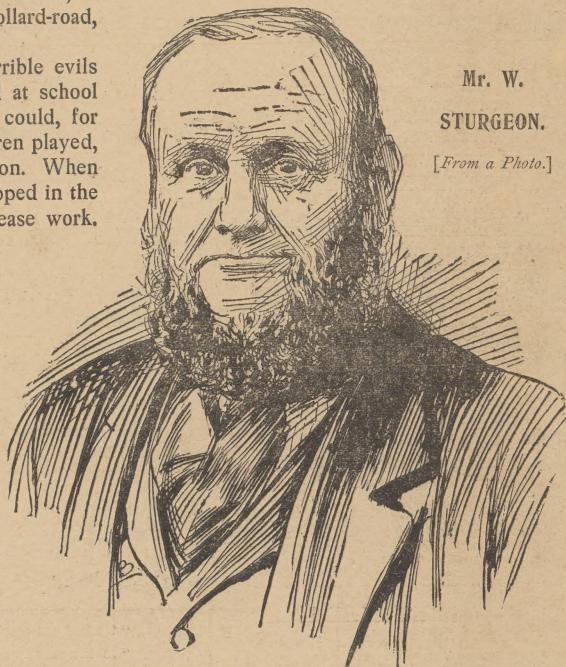
Are you in doubt as to whether Bile Beans are suitable for your case? If so, write for FREE advice from our fully qualified medical staff. State age, and if Mr. Mrs. or Miss. Address, PRIVATE, Bile Bean Co., Leeds.

BILE BEANS for **BILIOUSNESS** are the safest family medicine, and a certain cure for Headache, Constipation, Piles, Colds, Liver Chill, Influenza, Rheumatism, Liver Troubles, Bad Breath, Indigestion, Palpitation, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence, Dizziness, Buzzing in the Head, Debility, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Anæmia, and all Female Ailments. Of all Medicine Vendors, or post free from the Bile Bean Co., Red Cross Street, London, E.C., on receipt of price, 1s. 1½d., or large family size, 2s. 9d. per box (2s. 9d. size contains three times 1s. 1½d.).

SAMPLE BOX FREE.

COUPON.

Send your name and address, the accompanying Coupon, and 1d. stamp (to cover return postage) to the Bile Bean Co., Leeds, and you will receive Sample Box of Bile Beans for Biliousness FREE. "Daily Mirror," 24/2/05.



Mr. W.

STURGEON.

[From a Photo.]

Bile Beans